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THE
LADIES MISCELLANY.

A NEW WORK.

CONTAINING,

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|---|---|--|
| I. Entertaining Novels. | ✦ | Original Essays in Prose and Verse. |
| II. Family-Pictures : or, Domestic Life exhibited and contrasted in various Situations. | ✦ | IV. Modern Characters displayed : or, Dialogues of the Living. |
| III. Flights of Fancy: or, | ✦ | |

The Whole calculated for the

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF THE

FEMALE WORLD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

D U B L I N :

Printed for THOMAS WALKER, in Dame-street.

M.DCC.LXX.

LADIES' MISCELLANY



THE
LADIES' MISCELLANY
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

Printed by THOMAS WARR, in Dartmouth.
DUBLIN.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Materials which compose the following Collection were found, after her decease, in the library of a LADY who has frequently contributed to the amusement, and, it is believed, the improvement of her sex, and who was equally remarkable for her good sense, elegance, and taste. It may not be improper to add, that these volumes contain *only original* Novels, Essays, Poems, Characters, and other articles of entertainment, which the Editor flatters himself will prove no less instructive than pleasing to his Fair Readers; and appear equally conducive to the interests and advancement of Virtue, Religion, and Learning.



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N O V E L S

FOR THE

L A D I E S.

NOVELS



LADIES



THE NARROW ESCAPE.

CHARLES CLASSIC, having finished his studies at Cambridge, went to pay a visit to his guardian at his seat in Hertfordshire. He lost both his parents when he was so young, that he had a very faint remembrance of those near relations. His uncle by his mother's side, Mr. Turner, took care of his education and his fortune till he came of age, which was just at the time he quitted the university to make the above-mentioned visit.

As Charles was a genteel young fellow, had an easy address, and was very politely accomplished, he made no small impression on the ladies in his uncle's neighbourhood; and his arriving to the possession of eight hundred a year in land, and twice as many thousands in the public funds, did not render him less agreeable in their eyes. He was, in truth, universally caressed wherever he went, and overwhelmed from all quarters with the most flattering civilities. Young, gay, handsome, polite and rich, where

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is the wonder that he was so? But I must hasten [to an adventure which almost made him resolve to renounce all connections with the Fair Sex.

Among the gentlemen who visited his uncle upon an intimate footing, was Mr. Townshend, a widower, and his daughter, who was reckoned the finest girl in that part of the county.

Miss Townshend had, indeed, just pretensions to the appellation of a Beauty; but her intellectual accomplishments made a much stronger impression on young Classic, than all her personal charms. She had, besides, a thousand amiable qualities, which captivated him in such a manner, that he soon became as very a Swain as ever sighed in the regions of Romance: but his love had nothing romantic in it; it was not a wandering passion which dies in the possession of the object by which it is raised: on the contrary, his affection was founded on virtue, and by virtuous means did he endeavour to arrive at the completion of his wishes.

The frequent interviews between the two families, often gave the lovers opportunities of being together. In one of those interviews Classic thus opened himself, not without much embarrassment and awkward hesitation; by which hesitation and embarrassment he gave striking proofs of the integrity of his intentions. A counterfeit lover, with dishonourable views, would have been as fluent as B----l, and as false.

“The first moment I saw you, madam,
“ (said Classic), I admired you. By seeing you
“ often,



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“often, admiration soon ripened into love.
 “You are ever in my thoughts; and I feel that
 “I never shall be happy, unless you consent to
 “make me so. My happiness depends on the re-
 “ception which this declaration of a passion I can
 “no longer conceal, meets with.---As my views
 “are honourable, my vanity makes me hope
 “that I shall by this declaration give no offence.”

“Were I offended (replied she) with so ho-
 “nourable a declaration, I should discover a
 “great defect in my understanding; but were I
 “to look upon your addresses in a serious light,
 “and encourage them, I should not deserve the
 “good opinion you entertain of me. The great
 “disproportion between us, in point of fortune
 “(for I will not, I ought not, to deceive you, my
 “expectations are extremely small), give me no
 “room to —”

“Talk not of disproportion (interrupted
 “he eagerly) in point of fortune. It is
 “not to *that* but to *yourself*, that I pay
 “my addresses. The beauties of your mind
 “and your person are sufficiently attractive.
 “With the possession of *them*, I shall think my-
 “self perfectly happy,---the happiest husband
 “in the world.”

After this generous behaviour in her lover,
 Miss Townshend could no longer refuse to com-
 ply with his wishes, and to crown his expecta-
 tions. The interview ended with overflowings
 of happiness on *his* side, and a promise on *her's*
 to give her hand, if her father had no objection
 to the nuptials.---She had no occasion to hesitate

about her father's consent : the alliance between the Classics and the Townshends was too advantageous to the latter, to be rejected ;---but her deportment upon the occasion was delicate and beautiful.

Mr. Townshend, when his daughter disclosed the affair to him, made not the slightest objection to so flattering a match ; but the marriage was postponed to the following winter, because till then, Miss Townshend would not be of age. — Besides there were other important reasons for this delay.

Tho' Charles was vexed with having his happiness so long postponed, for the summer was not half over, yet, as he thought himself sure of the affections, the person, and the heart, as well as the hand of his mistress, he endeavoured to wait with patience till November.

Not many days before *that* set apart for the celebration of their nuptials, Charles and his mistress made an appointment to see the play of the Inconstant ; but just as they were getting into the coach, Charles received a letter on business which required an immediate answer.--- Miss Townshend, therefore, and a lady of her acquaintance, went by themselves, and Charles promised to be with them as soon as he had finished his affairs.

He came into the box, in which places had been taken, at the end of the third act, and was surprized to find only one seat near the door, on which he could scarcely make a shift to sit.--- But he was more surprized to see a young Beau
glit-

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glittering between Miss Townshend and her companion, in the place which he himself should have filled.

The ladies turned to the door on seeing him enter, and he bowed to them. He could do no more; but waited till the end of the play for an explanation of the mystery, about which he could not be thoroughly easy.

The ladies returned his civility; but he thought he saw a coolness in the behaviour of his mistress, and it alarmed him. He was piqued at it; but his mortification increased when he saw her, at the end of the entertainment, give her hand to the Beau, who offered to conduct her to *his* coach. The sight stirred his blood, and he stepped up to the officious coxcomb with a *look* which made him ask pardon for the mistake he had committed, and offer his civilities to the other lady.

As they were rolling home, Charles rallied his mistress on the new conquest she had made, whilst she laughed off his raillery with a great deal of humour. He joined in the laugh, and thought no more of the object which had occasioned it.

A few days after this adventure, calling at Miss Townshend's lodgings to drink tea, Charles met the Beau who had so much alarmed him. He was playing with her fan, and taking a few freedoms which were, in his opinion, too familiar, and in the permission of which she appeared,
in

in his eye, very indiscreet. He had too much politeness, however, to shew his resentment before Sir Billy Tinsel (for it was he who had roused it); but as soon as he had taken his leave, took the liberty to enquire into the occasion of such an unexpected *tete-à-tete*.

"This visit, said she, is quite accidental. Sir Billy ordered *his* coach to follow *your's* from the play, by which means he found out my lodgings and my name, and this afternoon introduced himself to my company."

Tho' Charles did not express any dissatisfaction at the apology Miss Townshend made for her conduct, yet the sensations he felt were not of the most agreeable kind. He sealed up his lips, while he staid with her, upon that subject, but it engrossed his thoughts.

In the evening he met Sir Billy again at the coffee-house, "Who is that prig?" said he to one of the waiters. --- "A young baronet just arrived from his travels to take possession of an estate in Staffordshire."

At the next visit to his mistress, Charles behaved to her with his usual freedom and good-humour, as if nothing had happened; but her behaviour was changed: there was a reserve, a coldness in it which surprised, and at the same time, shocked him.

"I am astonished, said she, with a peevish accent, that you can be alarmed at my taking a few innocent freedoms before marriage. If
"you

“ you discover a jealous disposition *now*, what a life am I to expect hereafter ?”

“ Have I discovered any signs, madam, of such a temper ?” replied Charles, very much hurt by her manner of treating him. “ Have I said any thing to make you suspect me of jealousy ? I was, indeed, surprised to see a gentleman at your lodging who was quite a stranger to me, and I repeat it——”

“ A stranger ! replied she, in a louder tone ; you are mistaken, sir.—He is not such a stranger as you imagine.——I have formerly danced several times in his company ; and if he had returned sooner from his travels, you would have seen him before. He is a man of figure, fashion, and fortune, and has certainly a right to common complaisance from me. If you are offended with *that* complaisance, you neither treat him nor me in the manner we deserve.”

This speech was uttered with so much vehemence, that Charles was staggered by it. He was at a loss to know what to think of his mistress. He felt an unusual anxiety in his heart ; but he kept it to himself, and concealed it with all the art he was master of. He left her, full of perplexity. Her behaviour had stunned him. He reflected on it over and over, yet could not account for it. He passed the night full of distracting doubts, but the morning dissipated them.

While he was dressing himself to go to Miss Townshend, he started at the sudden appearance of

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of her maid, who entered the room in great confusion, and seemed to have something of consequence to communicate. After a short pause, "I am come, sir, said she, to discover a secret which concerns your honour and happiness: I hope you won't betray me by telling it."

"Sit down, said Charles; speak freely what you have to say in which my honour and happiness are concerned, and be assured I will lock up the secret in my breast."

Encouraged by this assurance, she proceeded: "I was brought up in *your* family, sir, and I am under very great obligations to it: and after you was so kind as to place me in the *service* I am in, I always looked upon you as my master, and therefore think it my duty to inform you of what you ought to know. You will be sadly shocked, sir, at what I am going to reveal; but I cannot see so worthy a gentleman abused without speaking. I do my duty in this discovery, let what will be the consequence."

Charles, impatient to hear the secret which struggled for a vent, urged her with repeated importunities to relate all she knew, and to conceal nothing.

"You have been grossly imposed upon, continued she, by my mistress, who does not at all deserve the good opinion you have of her: no, indeed, sir, she does not;—for I have found out that the young Baronet you saw at
"our

“our house is an old acquaintance of hers.
 “When she first received you as a lover, Sir Bil-
 “ly was abroad on his travels; but now he is
 “come home, she is doing all she can to be My
 “Lady Tinsel, and I fancy she will succeed, for
 “she has a great deal of art; and they have be-
 “gun to write to one another; and people you
 “know, sir, must be pretty intimate when they
 “come to that. I have got a letter in my hand
 “from her to Sir Billy; but as I have a regard
 “for your happiness, and think you have been
 “very much abused by them both, I was deter-
 “mined to let you see it before I carried it to the
 “Post-house.”

Charles was struck dumb with the discovery
 of Miss Townshend's infidelity. He was for
 some moments unable to speak, for astonishment.
 But he recovered himself, and to the increase of
 that astonishment read the following letter.

“To Sir BILLY TINSEL, Bart.

“My dear Sir Billy,

“YOU over-power me with pleasure by the
 “many expressions you make use of in my fa-
 “vour, and by your intentions to make me hap-
 “py; for so any woman must be, who is con-
 “nected with so amiable, and so every-way a-
 “greeable a man.——But you tell me, you
 “hear I am engaged, and therefore are afraid
 “that you shall be rejected.——Dismiss those
 “fears, and believe me ready to accept of your
 “generous

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“ generous proposal.——I was, ’tis true, to
 “ have been married to a country gentleman,
 “ to whose offers of marriage I only consented,
 “ because they were advantageous, and not from
 “ any affection to his person. If, therefore, you
 “ continue in the mind you are in with regard to
 “ me, I will break off with the said gentleman
 “ directly : in doing which I shall feel no reluc-
 “ tance, when I consider for whom I leave him.
 “ —— A woman surely must have no eyes nor
 “ understanding, who can hesitate a moment in
 “ such a situation.——I expect him this even-
 “ ing at six, because I have not yet discarded him ;
 “ but I hope he will not stay beyond his usual
 “ hour, which is eight. If you will take your
 “ chance for finding me alone after that hour,
 “ you will receive a sincere welcome from.

“ Your obliged

“ CHARLOTTE TOWNSHEND.”

If I could describe Charles’s situation when he finished the above letter, I would ;——but the most forcible words in the English language are too weak for that purpose. Love, jealousy, and resentment, tore his breast by turns, and distracted him with their tumultuous agitation. After the hopes with which he had flattered himself, that his mistress was as sincere as she appeared to be, this blow was almost too heavy for him to bear. The words, “ I shall feel no reluctance, when I consider for whom I leave him,” stabbed him to the soul ; and the cordi-

al

al invitation at the conclusion of the letter, almost threw him into a delirium.

“Are all her vows, promises, and protestations, cried he, come to this?—If *she* is false, what faith is there in woman?—I will not rashly fall upon the whole sex, for the treacherous behaviour of one individual; but surely I shall have reason to suspect the most flattering appearances.”

When he had thus given a little vent to his passion, he enquired of the maid whether she could not contrive to let him be present at the interview which her mistress had promised to enjoy with her new lover: for much he desired to hear from her *lips* a confirmation of what she had written with her *hand*, that he might not have the least room to doubt of her double-dealing.

His request was no sooner hinted than complied with. He went,—drank tea,—staid the usual time,—and as Miss Townshend discovered not, in any part of her demeanour, the least alienation of her affections, many men, in his circumstances, would have imagined the letter to have been forged, on purpose to make him uneasy; so artfully, with so much simplicity, and seeming innocence, did she behave.

He took his leave of *her*, but not of the *house*.—Posted in an adjoining closet, he waited the arrival of Sir Billy with impatience, and he was not disappointed. The Baronet was extremely well received, and after a thousand mutual vows,
and

and such protestations as had once passed between Miss Townshend and himself, she confirmed what she had written, and assured him, that she was ready, for his sake, to renounce all connections from that moment with Mr. Classic.

“ I renounce him, said she with an emphasis, “ for ever, and to you alone attach myself. I “ never loved him; and to give up what we never loved, is no difficult task.”

What dreadful words were these to the ears of Charles? He comforted himself however, that she had declared her mind so freely about him, *before* marriage; for the same disposition would, he thought, have prompted her to make the same declaration *afterwards*.—— In that reflection he was happy, and extracted great consolation from his disappointment.

When Sir Billy retired, Charles unexpectedly supplied his place. His presence was as unlucky as it was unlooked for.— He struck the lady with surprize.—— She screamed.——

“ So, madam, said Charles, with a provoking composure, you never loved me!—And “ to give up what we never loved, is no difficult “ task! I heartily congratulate you on your new “ conquest.—— Lady Tinsel’s servant will, to “ be sure, sound more genteelly than plain Mrs. “ Classic’s; and you have sufficiently convinced “ me, that you only listened to my addresses “ from lucrative motives. After the protestations which you have made, I might with reason, “ son,

“son, in the severest terms, reproach you with
 “your perfidy ; but if you have any sensibility,
 “you will be more punished by your own
 “thoughts, than by any thing I can say ; and
 “to these thoughts I leave you.”

With this spirited speech he left her, and waited not for a reply.



T H E

GAMESTER RECLAIMED.

LOVE, says Ovid, conquers all things, and nobody knew the force of that passion better than the poet of Sulmo.

Jack Townly, one of the most accomplished young fellows of the age, gay, lively, smart, well dressed, and happy in his address, was admired by every body who knew him, for his company, and particularly well-received in all circles of the fair sex, to whom he was a very agreeable companion.

At that ticklish time of life one-and-twenty, Jack came to the possession of a plentiful estate by the death of a niggardly father, but did not follow that father's example in the enjoyment of it. He was of a more liberal turn of thinking, and spent his fortune like a gentleman.

Falling one day in company with Mrs. Prattle, a lady famous for picking up a genteel liveli-
 hood

hood by putting the two sexes *matrimonially* together, she proposed the rich heiress Miss Collier, as an object worthy of his attention.——

He was entirely of *her* mind, with regard to the object, but hinted that there would be no chance for his addresses to succeed, as she was perpetually surrounded with so many lovers of superior fortune. “You do not know, said Mrs. Prattle, with a significant look, what may be done “with management.”——There was no more said upon the affair.——The conversation took a general turn.

From that time, however, Mrs. Prattle thought upon the proposal which she had made to Mr. Townly, as she found he was very desirous of the alliance, but apprehensive of difficulty in bringing it about. She employed all the arts she was mistress of in his service, and exerted them with so much success, that she soon put him into the possession of the lady and her riches, for which he handsomely rewarded her.

Jack’s happiness by marrying Miss Collier increased every day. Before his wedding, he considered her only as a rich heiress; but he found, upon a closer connection, that she possessed numberless good qualities and amiable accomplishments which riches cannot purchase, but which add a lustre to them. She was not less agreeably surprized to find many engaging qualities in her husband that did not appear during the courtship. In short, the Townly’s were as happy a couple as ever lived; and their felicity seemed

ed to be of a permanent nature, because they had a sincere regard for each other, and by a thousand little assiduities, not to be explained, and only to be understood by a few *rare aves*, endeavoured to increase it.

The best dispositions in the world are liable to be corrupted, and the best resolutions to be broken. Jack Townly, happy in himself, his wife, and his circumstances, became, in a luckless hour, acquainted with Major Brown, an Arthuri-rite, an adventurer; a man who, being thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of gaming, and in all the shabby arts of raising a fortune, took infinite pains to ingratiate himself with young fellows who abounded in money, and were not so *knowing*, in order to fleece them. —

Jack, with all his good qualities, being at the same time very ignorant of the world, was a proper object for the Major, who followed him, like his shadow, wherever he went.

Jack, being animated one evening, by repeated losses with the Major, to an extravagant pitch, staked the remainder of his fortune, and lost it. The dice were loaded, and he was ruined. He had not a shilling of his own to command. Happily for him, in the midst of his misfortunes, his wife's jointure remained: *that* too would have gone, had it not been *secured*.

When he came home, far beyond the usual hour, Mrs. Townly threw her arms about his neck, and tenderly embraced him. Instead of returning her caresses, he flung himself from her,

her, and stood at a distance, gazing at her, with his eyes fixed, like the statue of Despair. — In that attitude he stood some time, tho' not long. He traversed the room with all the marks of distraction in his countenance, frequently turned up his eyes to heaven, and then directed them to Mrs. Townly; attempted several times to speak, but seemed to be deprived of the powers of articulation.

Mrs. Townly, astonished at the alteration in her husband's behaviour, the distraction in his looks, and the irregularity of his motions, conjured him in the most pathetic, most affectionate manner, to communicate the uneasiness which he felt, and to make her a partaker of the sorrows that struggled for a vent.

"You went out, said she, in good spirits, and appeared to be quite happy with Major —"

At the word *Major*, Jack, as if he had been struck with a thunder-bolt, started from his chair, and cried, "D——n him," with an unusual emphasis.

"Why should you, my dear, replied she with great mildness, be so exasperated against a man —"

"I'll hear no more, interrupted he. — I am ruined, — ruined by him. — Curse on his lucky hand! —"

This last exclamation sufficiently alarmed Mrs. Townly, and rendered her more solicitous to know what he so much strove to conceal.

conceal. Her importunities prevailed, however, and he made a full confession of his follies.

“Well, my dear,” returned she smiling, with as much good-humour as if nothing had happened, “do not make yourself wretched on my account. My jointure is still left, and on that we may live genteelly private. The shock is sudden, and the blow severe, but we may still be happy, if we can persuade ourselves to be contented with a little. As I did not marry you for the sake of your fortune, the loss of that fortune will not lessen my esteem for you; and if your affection for me is not diminished by this alteration in your affairs, I shall not even whisper a complaint against my lot.”

“Excellent woman!” said Townly, catching her in his arms; “thou art a treasure, indeed! — Such a wife is of inestimable value; but such a wife I do not deserve! — My folly stares me in the face; I feel myself contemptible, nay, more, criminal; for surely I had no right to squander that which I received from thee.”

At the conclusion of this speech the following letter was delivered to him.

“Dear Mr. Townly,

“I NEVER was more concerned in my life than to hear you had been stripped by Major Brown; especially as he told me that you had lost all your fortune to him. — But I have the pleasure to inform you that your situation is not
“desperate,

“desperate, except you will tamely give it up.
 “The Major, in the foolish triumph of his
 “heart, bragged to me, when he came home,
 “that he had bubbled his friend, Jack Townly,
 “finely, by loaded dice.—You have nothing
 “therefore to do, sir, but to apply to a proper
 “magistrate, and secure the villain; for such I
 “esteem the man who gets his money so unfair-
 “ly. As I have formerly received many favours
 “from you, I should think myself very ungrate-
 “ful if I delayed a moment to let you know a
 “piece of news in which you are so greatly in-
 “terested, and which I hope will animate you
 “to act with spirit.

“Your sincere friend,

“CHARLOTTE ROPER.

“P. S. My compliments to Mrs. Townly—if
 “she will accept of them.

“Here’s an honest girl!” said Jack, on read-
 “ing this extraordinary epistle. “Does she not
 “deserve to be pardoned for all the errors which
 “she has committed, for this generous action?
 “How few, in her situation, would have behav-
 “ed in so laudable a manner?—This girl and I,”
 continued he, addressing himself to Mrs. Town-
 ly, “have had connections together; but I as-
 “sure you, my dear, they entirely ceased,
 “when you became my wife.—Is she not a ge-
 “nerous girl?”

In this manner did Jack pour out the effusions of
 his heart, from which the above letter removed the
 load

load of anxiety that heavily oppressed it. The turn it gave to his spirits made him appear quite another creature. Mrs. Townly observed the alteration in her husband with a joy which she had never felt before : so necessary are the pains of life to render its pleasures more exquisite.

“ I am quite in love with Charlotte, said Mrs. Townly, for interesting herself in my dear Jack’s affairs, and am sure she has, with all her failings—who is without failings?—a good heart. This single action of her’s in your behalf, veils, in my opinion, all her former irregularities and indiscretions, and renders her rather an amiable object. I beg the favour of you, my dear, to keep this letter, and to make the contents of it public among your friends ; for you are under great obligations to the writer of it, and with my consent, shall not be ungrateful for them.”

Townly, after a few more effusions of his heart on this unexpectedly-fortunate event, applied to a proper magistrate, secured the Major, made him refund every shilling he had unfairly won, and liberally recompensed Charlotte for the recovery of his fortune ; and his restoration to affluence at a time when he had not the least reason to hope for it, made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he never touched a card nor rattled a dice-box during the remainder of his life ; lest he should, by being led into similar temptations, be plunged into similar distresses.



T H E

FATAL INTERVIEW.

GAMING is a passion fatal to both sexes, when too far indulged; and when once it takes possession of the soul, how difficult is it to stop its progress! But the love of gaming in a female breast is frequently attended with consequences peculiarly unhappy. The following narrative, I hope, will apologize for the triteness of these reflections, by confirming the truth of them.

Sapphira (I conceal her real name through tenderness to her relations) was descended from a worthy family in the Isle of Wight. She was a younger daughter, but, on the death of her sister, became an heiress with a large fortune. She was gay, generous, and good-natured; but her gaiety sometimes bordered upon giddiness, her generosity was often carried to extravagance, and her good-nature was exerted with more benevolence than judgment. Add to this, that

She was as fair as painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love.

With all her beauty, however, and all her amiable qualities, attractions, and accomplishments,

ments, she very much diminished their value by her indiscretion. When I say that she was indiscreet, I mean not that her character suffered by her conduct. — I will explain myself. Sapphira was no œconomist. In relieving the distresses of others, she rather considered the condition of *their* circumstances, than the situation of *her own* affairs.

At the age of eighteen (what a dangerous period in female life !) she was constantly surrounded with admirers, and so highly feasted with adulation, that she thought she could never be neglected, and never distressed. There are many girls who think in the same manner ; many girls are, therefore, disappointed.

Among those who appeared in the circle of Sapphira's admirers, Lorenzo was distinguished with striking marks of her approbation.

Lorenzo had parts with which he might have made a conspicuous figure in the polite world, and with which he might have proved an honour to human nature, by a proper exertion of them ; but he rendered himself, for want of that exertion, the most contemptible creature in the universe. He was of an amorous complexion, and of a compassionate disposition ; he was friendly and beneficent : but his love, his pity, his friendship, and his liberality, were all wantonly indulged, all carried to excess. Whatever passion attacked him, took full possession of him ; for he made no resistance, nor once reflected on consequences. He was naturally in-

clined to act right, but was always acting wrong.

Sapphira had, I am willing to believe, when she first encouraged the addresses of Lorenzo, no other view except spending the present time agreeably in his company. But she encouraged those addresses too much for her own peace; for while *her* thoughts were employed about felicity, dissipation only engrossed *his* attention. By the imprudence of his conduct, his debts amounted to such a considerable sum, that his creditors arrested him. He at first endeavoured to conceal his situation from his mistress; but she, in a little time, having discovered the prison into which he had been thrown, instantly formed the rash resolution of silencing all his creditors, by satisfying their demands. By this indiscreet exertion of her generosity she exhausted her fortune so much, that she felt herself in very narrow circumstances; and had the additional mortification to feel, that the dis-esteem of her acquaintance (which all her attractions were not able to preserve) increased in proportion to the diminution of her fortune.

Sapphira in her reduced situation, thro' the beauty of her person, and the simplicity of her manners, was pressingly invited to live with Lady H***, *quite upon an agreeable footing*. Sapphira thought herself honoured by the proposal, and embraced it; but very soon, by the artifices of her Ladyship, who was strongly addicted to gaming, and not a little inclined to amorous

morous connections with the other sex, being drawn into play, and stripped in a short time of her remaining fortune, she found herself altogether dependant on her Ladyship's liberality, to which, however, she also found she should not be entitled without adding guilt to folly. But between poverty and prostitution there was, in her circumstances, no alternative. — To avoid the former, therefore, she submitted to the latter.

To the payment of a debt of honour, contracted by her ladyship, Sapphira's character was sacrificed to Col. D——r, who would not be satisfied without the possession of those charms which he had, in the days of Sapphira's prosperity, unsuccessfully attacked. Lady H***, by the most infernal assiduities and contrivances, made her a victim to his desires. — What could she do, without friends, and without money? — "She might have worked," perhaps you will say, "for an honest subsistence." — She might have done so, had she been prudently brought up. — But her parents, not foreseeing that she would ever, through her own indiscretion, reduce herself to a state of indigence, had given her an education suitable to her fortune.

Luckily, however, for her, in the midst of her distresses, the Colonel was so charmed with her accomplishments, as well as her personal beauties, that he removed her from the *protection* of her Ladyship, and lodged her very genteelly in St. James's street. He did not, however enjoy

her company there long, for he was hurried away to America ; but he left her a Bank note, when he took leave of her, and parted with the strongest assurances of perpetual affection.

After the Colonel's departure Lady H* * * often called at Sapphira's lodgings ; but she never would see a woman who had, under the mask of friendship and hospitality, acted the infamous parts of a sharper and a bawd.—She was always *denied* ; and by this conduct, discovered her contrition for her past follies. Indeed, she truly repented of them, and would never, perhaps, have increased their number, had not Lorenzo, in whose favour her tender heart first felt the soft emotions of love, came accidentally in her way, after having been many years abroad to retrieve his embarrassed affairs.

Lorenzo thought the meeting fortunate, and Sapphira could not conceal her joy at it ; but her transport was of short duration. They were sitting one evening, after supper, talking over past scenes, and enjoying the present moment, when a violent knock at the door alarmed Lorenzo ; but it alarmed Sapphira more.—She knew it was the Colonel's. — She knew his fiery temper, and she dreaded the consequences.—She had reason to dread them. — She would have secured Lorenzo in a closet ; but he had too much spirit to desert the post of Love, and therefore kept his ground till the enemy arrived.

The interview may be easily imagined.—The Colonel, without asking a question, after having
ing

ing fixed his eyes full upon Sapphira, in a manner she perfectly understood, drew. Lorenzo's sword, at the same instant, started from its scabbard.—She threw herself between them, in order to prevent their bloody intentions, but perished in the attempt. — She received a wound from each, and dropped.——The wounds were mortal, and she died.



THE TENDER POINT.

THERE are a thousand circumstances which plunge even those females into distress whose good dispositions seem to exempt them from dangerous situations. Wrong education, the excessive indulgence or severity of parents, narrow incomes, and breach of faith in Lovers—how many doors are opened here to seduce a weak and credulous girl into criminal connections!

Sylvia (with her real name the Public need not be acquainted), the daughter of an eminent painter, unhappily experienced the truth of these observations. She was left very young, by the death of her mother, to the care of a brutal and debauched father, who treated her more like a tyrant than a parent. He squandered away upon his pleasures the money he got by his profes-

sion, and his unhappy daughter was thereby often deprived of the common necessities of life. Her situation, with which every body was acquainted, encouraged a man destitute of honest principles, to hope that he might be "well with "her" upon his own terms.

Sylvia, in spite of the education which she had received, no way favourable to her virtue, had sentiments of honour ; and her lover saw clearly that he should meet with resistance, by revealing his designs. He, therefore, was cunning enough to hide the turpitude of his heart by assuming the most amiable deportment. He sympathized in her distress, offered to assist her, apparently from the most generous motives, and found a thousand methods to make her accept of trifling presents, for which he told her she was under no obligations to him. The repetition of his favours, and especially the generous and disinterested manner in which they were conferred, excited in the heart of Sylvia grateful sensations.

How unfortunate is a young female, when such sensations are excited by the behaviour of a man who has art enough to make himself agreeable in her eyes, and is base enough to betray her ! From gratitude to love the transition is easy : There is only one step from the one to the other, and Sylvia took it. She was desperately in love before she was aware ; and when she felt the progress which her passion made, she had not strength to struggle with it. I shall not follow her through all the movements she made to facilitate

facilitate her own ruin ; they were imperceptible, but they were decisive.—The paths of Love are strewn with flowers, but they are bounded with thorns.

Sylvia paid dear for the indulgence of her passion by the sorrow with which it filled her : but she was sanguine enough to hope that the accomplice of her crime would atone for it.—When a lover has received from his mistress the *last favour*, he is seldom eager to fulfil the engagements which he promised before she granted it.

—Out of a thousand who allure a girl with the hope of an advantageous marriage, you will find nine hundred and ninety determined to cancel their promises ; and among the ten remaining who have pawned their honour, you will hardly meet with one very scrupulous about the breach of it.

Sylvia, as soon as her lover had gratified his desires, was abandoned by him. He was even so ungenerous — but that is too soft a word, — he was so infamously base as to publish his success. This authorised her father to turn her out of his house. — Having no recommendations, upon offering herself to some families, as a chambermaid, she was disdainfully rejected, nay even loaded with reproaches.

At nine o'clock in the evening she found herself in the street, without knowing where to procure a lodging : she sat down on the pavement, and bewailed her credulity with the bitter tears of contrition.

Chance led to this place a wealthy merchant with whom she was acquainted. He offered her terms, which, in her situation, were too flattering to be refused. Her first fall was caused by love; her second by despair.

With this merchant she lived six years, and acquitted herself so well, that she compelled those who could not esteem, to pity her. She had three children, and took great pains to give them a proper education. She never appeared in public; and as she was always employed in her domestic affairs, many husbands wished their wives to possess the same spirit of œconomy, good nature and discretion.—When she committed her first error she was only fifteen, and not capable of reflecting on the horror of a second fall, which she looked upon as inevitable in her lapsed condition.—But she was become sensible of her follies, and the recollection of them filled her with remorse. Her lover saw with concern that a secret uneasiness preyed upon her constitution; he redoubled his assiduities and his favours; but finding that they had no effect upon her, he conjured her to open her heart to him.

Sylvia long resisted his importunities; but on his pressing her one day, with uncommon earnestness, she threw herself at his feet, and in a flood of tears confessed that the weight of her remorse was more than she could bear. “I have long struggled with it, said she; but my affection for you, and my attachment to my un-
“ happy

“ happy children, have hitherto sealed my lips.
 “ — Pardon the anguish which I feel on *their*
 “ behalf.—I ought to be too well convinced of
 “ the goodness of your heart to be alarmed for
 “ them. You are rich, and I know there is an
 “ advantageous match proposed to you, which
 “ you only refuse on my account. Permit me,
 “ then, under a feigned name, to retire into
 “ the country, where your bounty may secure
 “ an asylum for me and my children, and let me
 “ cease to live with a load of infamy : for I trem-
 “ ble to think on the uncertainty of my subsist-
 “ ence. May Heaven communicate my appre-
 “ hensions to you, and determine you to return
 “ to the paths of virtue.”

Sylvia's admirer heard with concern the reso-
 lution she had taken to leave him ; and finding
 that he could not divert her from her purpose,
 consented to her request, and bought her a little
 estate. She had courage enough to resist the si-
 lent eloquence of tears, and the moving accents
 of despondence ; and having consented to the
 marriage projected for him, set out with her
 children for her new habitation.

Lucius (so I shall call the lover of Sylvia) flat-
 tered himself that he should forget his mistress at
 the sight of the amiable girl with whom he was
 going to be united. He took no small pains to
 make himself in love with her ; but his heart al-
 ways revolted against his head. He sighed bit-
 terly to think that he had not been his dear Syl-
 via's only gallant, and wished that her first ad-
 venture

venture had been private, that he might have married her with a good grace. But a prudent prejudice operated against his passion; and as he feared lest his own heart should betray him, he accelerated the nuptials. — The conflicts which he suffered every moment, impaired his health. His intended wife perceived that he had something upon his mind which preyed upon his spirits, and *would* know the cause of his disquietude. — This girl having great openness in her disposition, thus addressed him :

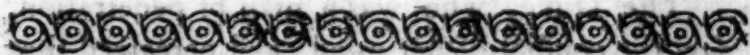
“ How amiable are you in my eyes, said she,
 “ and how much is my regard for you increased
 “ by the regret which you discover for the loss
 “ of poor Sylvia ! — — — Go, Lucius, follow the
 “ movements of your heart. I disengage you
 “ from your promises. Your children have a
 “ right to your attention. The exemplary con-
 “ duct of their mother, during the six years that
 “ she lived with you, and the generous sacrifice
 “ which she has made, efface her former errors,
 “ and all good people will approve of what you
 “ do in her favour.”

Lucius wanted no pressing importunities upon this subject. His own heart gave him the same advice, and he followed it. He sent an express for his dear Sylvia, and intreated her to come to him immediately with her children. — He expected her with all the impatience of a fond lover, and flattered himself that the happiness which he proposed to enjoy with her would be sincere, because it would be founded on virtue. —

But

—But Heaven had not decreed such happiness for him. The day before she arrived he was seized with a violent fever.—How shall I describe Sylvia's situation, when she found him in the utmost danger! He was struggling with his disorder, and in spite of all the skill of his physicians, the fever left a languor which pronounced his end to be near.

Resigned to the will of Providence, he perceived the approaches of death without a murmur, and looked upon himself as justly punished for the irregularities of his past life; but was, at the same time, willing to believe, that he should in some measure atone for them, by marrying Sylvia.—He was, therefore, carried to church, and married her in the most public manner, but did not survive the ceremony above eight hours.



T H E F O R C E O F L O V E.

EUPHELIA was left an orphan with a very slender subsistence, and taken by one of her aunts for education. Nature, however, by the liberality of her favours, seemed willing to make her ample amends for the injuries of fortune.

Euphelia, at the age of eighteen, excelled the rest of her sex by her outward charms and her
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inward accomplishments, by the strength of her reason, and the sprightliness of her wit; but what stamped an additional value on all those advantages, was, that she had a mind superior to misfortunes, and even proof against poverty; for her aunt, as well as herself, subsisted only by the labour of their hands.

Chance threw Euphelia in the way of the Duke of ———, who was justly esteemed the most accomplished nobleman in England. He spared no expence in the pursuit of his pleasures, and omitted no opportunity to make himself agreeable to our heroine. Resistance to his flattering offers was not the greatest difficulty Euphelia struggled with: she had too exalted a turn of thinking to be influenced by mercenary motives; but to secure her heart against the Duke's intrinsic merit, was a severe trial, and on that account she felt the most painful sensations.

The Duke, who was a man of penetration, saw the conflict of her mind, and perceived that he was the cause of it. This discovery redoubled his passion, and seemed to promise him success, when he could find an happy moment to attack her. In order to obtain it, he made himself master of her aunt's weak side, who could not resist the large sums which the Duke put into her hands. She affected to be alarmed for her niece, and proposed to remove her from the importunities of her lover, by retiring with her into the country.

Euphelia approved highly of her aunt's proposal. She was conveyed to a house, of which the mistress and the servants were entirely at the Duke's devotion: and three days afterwards, when she was alone, at work in her chamber, which was locked, because she had strong suspicions, she saw him enter through a private door, which she had not discovered before. She then knew that she had been betrayed, and that her out-cries would be of no service to her.

The Duke, at her feet, wept and intreated; but finding that neither his tears nor his intreaties produced any effect upon her, he proceeded to threats.---In this trying situation, what could a poor, weak, delicate girl do? who could make no resistance, against a lover determined to gratify his passion. — Religion forbid her to destroy herself, and yet death seemed to be her only refuge.

In this extremity, Euphelia implored the assistance of Heaven, and nerved with new strength, repressed the Duke's caresses, and conjured him to allow her a few minutes.—The Duke, who had not proceeded to violence without reluctance, and who would have given all he possessed in the world, to have enjoyed Euphelia with her own consent, willingly granted her request, and sat down opposite to her.

“Unfortunate beauty! said she, of what miseries art thou not the cause? Why dost thou turn the most amiable man into the cruellest tyrant?”

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40 THE FORCE OF VIRTUE.

The Duke then looked upon his triumph as certain, and prepared to conquer by his intreaties that resistance which he attributed only to the last pangs of expiring virtue. But he was mistaken in his object. The glorious girl, after a little recollection, raised her voice :

“ Perish, ye unhappy features, said she, which reduce me to this extremity.”

In uttering these words, with the spirit of a Roman Matron, she wounded her face in several places with her scissars, before the Duke, who was not aware of so horrid an expedient, could prevent her. What a sight was this for the eyes of a lover ! He caught hold of her, and forced the fatal scissars from her hand.

“ Look at your own work, sir, said she, and tell me, which of my features urged you to meditate my destruction.”

She would have said more, but the Duke, astonished at her behaviour, rung for his servants, and ordered them to procure a surgeon. Euphelia told him, in a resolute tone, that she would not suffer her wounds to be touched, unless he would assure her upon his honour that he would persecute her no more with his passion. He readily consented to her request, and promised the surgeon a reward superior to his expectations, if he could save her face from deformity. But this was a task he had not the skill to perform. Euphelia had no remains of her former beauty, and in spite of all her surgeon's care, lost an eye.

By the ugliness, however, of his mistress, the duke was not cured of his affection. Her
virtue

virtue had so charmed him, that he forgot the dignity of his rank, and offered to share it with her.

Euphelia was not dazzled with the lustre of his offer. She represented to the Duke the injury he would do to his rank, his family, and his fortune, by marrying a girl in her indigent circumstances. She even added threats to remonstrances, and declared her resolution to retire where he should never see her more, if he did not divert her design by a marriage suitable to his rank.

The Duke had, by this time, no reason to suppose that she trifled with him. He set out for London, assuring her, in the strongest manner, that he would not return till she would permit his visits. He slept that evening at the house of a gentleman whom he trusted with this extraordinary affair, and with a heart full of Euphelia, endeavoured to alleviate the uneasiness which he felt in her absence, by the communication of it to a friend.

This gentleman, who was about forty, and in easy circumstances, was no less charmed with the virtue of the girl, and told the Duke that he should think himself very happy in the possession of such a wife. The Duke made him no answer, but some time afterwards, having strove in vain to heal his unquiet mind, ever running on Euphelia, he thought it most prudent to cut off all hopes.---He therefore married the
daugh-

daughter of the Duke of D———; and being desirous of rewarding the virtue of Euphelia, discovered the passion he had entertained for this girl to his wife, and assured her that he only felt a respectful esteem for her, which urged him to promote her happiness. He communicated also the sentiments of his friend; and the Duchess, to remove all Euphelia's suspicions, gave her in marriage to him with a handsome fortune, with which the gentleman was as well satisfied, as he was inclined to be with her understanding and her virtue.



THE UNCOMMON WIFE.

HOW much reason has that Fair-one to lament her conduct, who, deaf to the advice of her friends, listens to the enchanting voice of him that makes it the business of his life to ruin inconsiderate females! When the desires of the Libertine are gratified, he always regards *her* who raised and who indulged them with contempt.

In the most trifling transactions with his own sex, a man's character is blemished if he violates his word; but he is permitted to use every artifice in his power to ruin the reputation of the other sex, not only with impunity, but with applause. The fortunate deceiver triumphs in his conquest, and too often in the eye of the world,

world, his successful gallantries rather render him an object of regard than detestation.---- This is a truth not to be denied; but surely it is a truth not to be defended.

There lived, a few years ago, a very pretty girl, whose conduct in love affords a striking proof of the perfidy of Man. She was sensible, but too much infatuated with a passion for her admirer, to suppose him capable of deceiving her after an attachment of several years. He *did*, however, deceive her; and when he had received every favour from her, wrote a very cool letter, in which he told her that it was not in his power to give her his hand. The poor girl, whom I shall call Annabella, was ready to expire with grief at the perusal of the fatal letter. She carried about her an irresistible proof of her folly, and, ignorant what course to take, in the midst of her despair, she came to London, and communicated her distressful situation to one of her female friends, with whom she spent a few days.

Annabella being truly amiable, a friend of the lady's in whose house she was, having seen her, became enamoured of her, and demanded her in marriage. His proposal was accepted with joy. He was neither young nor attracting, but he possessed a great share of integrity and sweetness of temper, and was in affluent circumstances; with which accomplishments he soon gained Annabella's esteem. As she had sullied her character not from principle but through
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44 THE UNCOMMON WIFE.

indiscretion, she resolved to make amends for that indiscretion by the purity of her future conduct.

Annabella was extolled for her behaviour in the marriage state, and proposed to all wives as a pattern: but Annabella in the midst of the joy which she received from her happy situation, had her disquietudes. She was on the point of making her husband a father before he had a right to that title, and something was necessary to be done to preserve her character at so critical a juncture. Women, on these occasions, are fruitful in expedients. When Annabella's pains came upon her, she in a spirited manner told her husband that she had some visits to make, and he believed her. She set out full dressed, and went to her friend, who had prepared all mat ers for her reception.

When the usual hour of her coming home arrived, she sent a little note to her husband, telling him that she was suddenly indisposed, and that they thought her in danger of a miscarriage. At the same time she intreated him to come and see her, because she found herself extremely out of order.

The messenger who carried this note had orders to leave it without waiting for an answer; and though the poor husband took a great deal of pains to see him, that he might know where to find his wife, he made too much haste to be overtaken.

Thoroughly vexed at not having her address, he sent to every place where he thought it
pos-

possible or probable to hear of his wife, but to no purpose. He imagined the lady from whose house she dispatched the note, was out of town, and therefore to that house his enquiries did not extend.

Annabella, about eleven at night, got rid of the burthen that incommoded her, which was given to a nurse ready to receive it, and a letter was immediately forwarded to her husband, to inform him, that his wife was delivered of a dead child.

With this letter a direction for his wife was also sent him. He flew to Annabella, therefore, on the receipt of it, who told him, that she was in such confusion, and so much indisposed, when she writ the first note, that she had forgot to inform him where he might find her. The husband firmly believed a circumstance which appeared so natural to him, and remained with her till she was entirely recovered.

The infamous wretch by whom Annabella had been seduced, hearing of this affair, resolved to avail himself of it; and when she was sufficiently recovered to come abroad again, wrote a few lines to acquaint her that he would not be duped by her designs; that the situation of his affairs only had prevented him from marrying her; that he would always love her; and that he was determined to embrace this opportunity to regain her affections. He promised to keep the secret inviolable if she would return his passion, but threatened to inform her husband of every thing

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thing which had passed between them, if she refused to gratify his wishes.

Annabella was thunder-struck at reading this letter. Twenty times she was tempted to put an end to her life ; but the fear of futurity checked her. At last she formed a resolution which sufficiently shewed that her attachment to virtue was sincere and unshaken. She threw herself at her husband's feet, and with a flood of tears made a full confession of all her failings ; adding, that she chose rather to run the hazard of losing his esteem, than to abuse it by continuing to live in a way on which she could not reflect without horror.

Surprized as her husband was at such strange intelligence, he knew his wife's repentance must have been sincere to have produced such a resolution ; and this repentance he thought cancelled her crime. He raised her, therefore, from the ground, tenderly embraced her, and promised to bury in oblivion the secret which she had imparted to him. Annabella gave him the fatal letter which produced the discovery of the secret. He undertook to answer it, and in a spirited manner told her seducer, that if he ever dared to attack the virtue, or stain the reputation of his wife, he would have recourse to the laws of the land for redress, and would bring him to punishment for defamation.

The generosity of this behaviour he never had reason to regret, as Annabella continued whilst she lived, by an irreproachable conduct, to make him forget her former indiscretions.

M O M U S



MOMUS CORRECTED.

THERE is no task more easy than that of criticizing the actions of those concerned in the management of public affairs. The most minute politician thinks he has a right to examine them; the more his understanding is limited, the more he is bewildered; for instead of surveying the whole with a commanding eye, he employs it only in the examination of particular parts. The following story places this folly in a proper light.

Momus, at the conclusion of a feast, in the conduct of which Temperance had no share, made himself very merry at the expence of the inhabitants of Olympus: it is generally at these times that mortals, when they are unable to rule themselves, are most ready to undertake the guidance of the state.

Momus, after having turned all the inferior Deities into ridicule, attacked even the conduct of Jupiter himself, whom he very freely censured for his mistakes in the formation of Man.

“ If I had been consulted upon that occasion, ” said he, “ Man should not have been such an imperfect creature. ”

Jupiter, having too much sense to be offended with the buffooneries of Momus, contented himself with silencing him in this manner :

“ Go,

“Go, said the Thunderer, and let me have a master-piece of your own forming. I will, upon this occasion, transmit my sovereign power to you.”

Momus, not possessing sagacity enough to comprehend the design of Jupiter by distinguishing him in so particular a manner from his brother-gods, flattered himself that the superiority of his talents had procured him this distinction, and that Jupiter would not have trusted to his care the formation of a man according to his own taste, if he had not thought that he should receive a model from his hands. He therefore made haste to execute his work. He would gladly have created a whole nation, but he was limited. He was only allowed to make a man.

With infinite pains he formed a Body, and by justly balancing the four Humours of which it is composed, assured himself that he had thoroughly exempted it from most of the disorders which afflict human nature. He animated his Body with a Mind which was hardly ever troubled by the Senses, in such perfection were those Senses made. Thus Momus's man had as much understanding as a limited creature could possess. The difficulties which other mortals find in the acquisition of knowledge would disappear before his eyes.

The most troublesome part of his work remained to be done. The Will of this new man was to be regulated, and Momus, in spite of his presumption, knew too well the miseries of human
man

man nature, to be deceived with regard to the difficulty of the undertaking. After having ruminated a long time, he thought he had found a way to untie the Gordian Knot.

“Let us fix the will of man, said he, and take away his liberty, since experience tells us that he abuses it.”

“Stop,” cries in return, the new inhabitant of the world, “Why will you make me a machine? Take away my reason, or leave me its best prerogative. Of what use is it, if I have not the liberty of choice? Put me not, I beseech you, on a level with brutes, who act only by involuntary instinct.”

Momus felt at this instant, that he was a father. The distresses which this man discovered, melted him. “I give you liberty, said he. May it please the gods, that you do not one day complain of my condescension.”

One of the things which shocked Momus extremely was the ease with which man concealed his real sentiments. The heart of man is impenetrable, and he always wished for a window in his heart, in order to discover its emotions. Not being able to effect what he would with human creatures on this subject, he was resolved, however, to shew Jupiter the great advantage which would arise from such an invention. He therefore gave to his Man the power of penetrating into the most secret thoughts of his fellow creatures. This purpose was to be accomplished by

85 MOMUS CORRECTED.

turning a ring, with the power of which Momus acquainted him.

He then conveyed himself to Athens, and assumed the name of Lycidas; and having interested Plutus in his favour, appeared there the favourite of Fortune. The more finished his figure was, the more he felt the necessities of human nature; necessities, which, by the blessing of the Gods, become the sources of our enjoyment.

As love was the first passion of which he was sensible, he looked out for an object to share it with him. His person, his riches, made the doors of the most considerable houses fly open at his approach. When he was introduced to an assembly, his soul was distracted by the various beauties which surrounded him. A lively Brunette struck him; but at the same time, a beautiful fair girl, whose looks seemed to be levelled at his heart, reproached him for the attention which he gave to her friend. Too busy to make use of the power he enjoyed of sounding the bottom of the human heart, he was determined by his eyes in the choice of a companion, and, after many struggles, fixed upon the Brunette. He approached her with a timid air, and acquainted her with the admiration with which she had inspired him. The joy that sparkled in her eyes, gave him sufficient reason to believe that he had won her heart.

Lycidas thought himself the happiest of mortals. He contrived a private interview with the sovereign of his soul, painted in the most lively colours

colours the torments which he endured on her account, and extorted from her a full confession of a mutual passion.

In the midst of his transports, with which he was quite intoxicated, Lycidas remembered his ring. Inexperienced as he was, he turned it, not so much to assure himself of his happiness, as to increase it, by discovering in the heart of his mistress a thousand sentiments which modesty would not permit her to disclose. What was his surprize, when he saw that all his flattering triumph arose only from Self-love!

“Fall at my feet, ye proud rivals,” said the beautiful Brunette to herself; “my triumph is compleat, and my charms are not to be paralleled.” What was the astonishment of Lycidas at this discovery! He retired with precipitation, and passed a night full of anguish and perplexity. His heart had been touched, and the contempt which he conceived for his mistress was not powerful enough to cure him without a severe conflict.

The next day he went to another assembly. His eyes and heart were more than once allured; but his ring, by placing the objects in their proper lights, always deterred him from a particular connection. His appearance made an impression upon Aspasia. She was fond of shew, pomp, pleasure, and parade, and the hopes of gratifying her favourite passion with the purse of Lycidas made her assiduous to attract his notice. Calenixa answered his wishes, to revenge her-

self on a faithless rival; and Aglaura, weary of the tyranny of her parents, courted his addresses; to which also Egle and Atalanta studiously recommended themselves; the first by lasciviousness, and the other by caprice. In short, among the number of beauties who shone at Athens, he could not find one who loved him for his own sake.

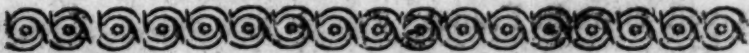
Lycidas, convinced that love would never make him happy, resolved to resign himself entirely to friendship: but he discovered fidelity to be as rare a virtue among his own sex, as he had found it among the other. To his fortune only all their advances were made, and he therefore looked out for another species of felicity. Lycidas became a student, and hoped to find happiness in books: but here he was disappointed. He next divested himself of all attachments, and conversed with the world as a mere spectator; but he soon envied those who had connections and attachments. "I feel, said he to himself, that men stand in need of each other, and that their mutual necessities urge them to make allowances for their mutual imperfections. But I am so unhappy a being, that I find no objects whom I can love or esteem. Let me then fly from their society, and subsist upon my own thoughts." With this resolution Lycidas retired to a desert; but he was very soon convinced there, that man was not calculated for a solitary life. In a fit of despair he devoutly wished for the extinction of his existence; and
though

THE FORCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION. 53

though he had a very strong constitution, it was greatly impaired by the anguish of his mind.

“ See, Momus, said Jupiter, what a figure
“ your man makes! What a pitiable object!
“ View him well, and learn not to judge of your
“ Master’s works by your own narrow rules.
“ The mutual necessities of mankind unite them
“ together, and from that union arise a thousand
“ virtues. Learn also that men ordained to live
“ together, and to love each other, ought to be
“ mutually ignorant of each other’s imperfections,
“ and to render themselves as agreeable to
“ each other as they can. A perfect knowledge
“ of the human heart would produce misanthropy,
“ and nothing is more contrary to the decrees
“ of Fate in the formation of man.”

Jupiter then placed Lycidas upon a level with his fellow-creatures, who immediately threw away his ring, and from that moment was sensibly convinced that he should now enjoy as great a share of happiness as human beings can expect in this world.



T H E FORCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

Translated from the French.

MONSIEUR Du Val, at twenty years of age, took possession of an estate which produced ten thousand livres a year. It is impos-

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fible to draw his character ; he had none. Passionately fond of sensual pleasures, his prevailing taste for them extinguished all others, and prevented him from being acquainted with the real joys which spring from the heart. He was quite a stranger to the emotions of nature, and his whole time was employed in procuring those dissipations in which he placed his supreme felicity. Mons. Du Val flattered himself, nevertheless, that he was in love. A young person sentenced to a cloyster excited desires in him, which he mistook for tender sensations. He reversed the sentence of seclusion, and married her.

If we may judge of this marriage by the consequences of it, his wife made haste to become indifferent to him ; but death, at the end of two years, relieved him from a companion with whom he had too hastily allied himself.

At the age of three-and-twenty he was a widower, and the father of two infants in the cradle. He left the care of those little unfortunate children to one of his female relations, and gave a full swing to his taste for pleasure in one of the gayest cities in France.

Nature had moulded him in such a manner, that he became necessary to those who once knew him, and his company was universally courted. He was supple enough to please every one, but attached himself to nobody. Those who thought they had the most rational pretensions to his services were certainly neglected, if others more agreeable came in his way ; and he
flattered

fluttered about every where in search of the most pleasurable scenes.

During the seventeen years which he spent in this city, he totally forgot that he was a father; and that he might be in no danger of feeling any tender emotions stirring within him, he threw into the fire all his family letters without reading them. The relation to whom he had intrusted the care of his son and daughter, possessed but a moderate income: the children, however, were so amiable, that she could not think of forsaking them. Happily she had some business with an abbess, remarkable for the possession of many great and uncommon qualities. To her she launched out in praise of Miss Du Val; and the abbess, having desired to see her, conceived such a tenderness for her, that she undertook the charge of her education.

The son of Monsr. Du Val remained where he was. His father's friends associated together to give him an education suitable to his connections; some of whom were so charmed with his disposition, that they condescended to be his instructors, and had reason to flatter themselves with the progress of their pupil, who in the seventeenth year of his age lost a true friend in his dear relation.

Du Val, who had been informed that his father had, by his own imprudent behaviour, dissipated all his fortune, resolved to shelter himself from the storms of necessity by chusing one of those professions of which no gentleman need be

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ashamed. He quitted, therefore, the place of his birth, and travelling to England, put himself under the discipline of a master who was capable of forwarding his designs.

There was something so noble and interesting in the appearance of young Du Val, that every body who saw him entertained sentiments in his favour. The French Ambassador seeing him every evening on the public walks, made enquiries after him. When he heard his name, he thought that he had been misinformed. He knew *Monf. Du Val*, and could not persuade himself that his son was under a necessity of studying the polite arts for subsistence. He desired to see him, and the young man freely related his little adventures. He acquitted himself in so modest, so graceful a manner, that the Ambassador wished to be convinced of the truth of his narrative, that he might with propriety take him under his protection. He wrote therefore to *Monf. Du Val*; but whether the letter miscarried, or whether the unnatural father was ashamed of his behaviour to so deserving a son, the Ambassador received no answer; however, in searching for intelligence in the place where young Du Val had been brought up, he received such a satisfactory account that he fixed him in his family. Having examined his capacity he made him his secretary, with an appointment of three thousand livres. Soon afterwards he felt for him all the tenderness of a parent, and that tenderness continued as long as he lived. It was on this account that he
thought

thought he had a right to examine his conduct, and that he intreated him to give a detail of the uses to which the profits arising from his appointment were directed.

Du Val coloured at this request, and intreated his benefactor to suppress his curiosity on the subject. As he was plainly dressed, and as the Ambassador discovered he had no money, he was afraid that Du Val was engaged in an intrigue. He employed spies, but to no purpose; for with the nicest scrutiny into his conduct they could discover nothing to his disadvantage. Books and business engrossed all his time.

The Ambassador, surprized in the highest degree, waited with impatience for the end of the second year, and then, after having paid him, ordered him to be carefully watched, and found that he carried it to a banker. The Ambassador went to the banker, himself, the next day; but what was his astonishment to hear that young Du Val had remitted that year and the foregoing one, two thousand livres for the support of a father, who, he knew, had stifled all paternal sensations in his heart!

Though the protector of this amiable youth was charmed with his filial affection, he seemed to disapprove of his generosity, which he called excessive, in his situation; but Du Val conjured him to leave him at liberty to obey the voice of Nature. "Thrice happy shall I be, said he, if
"with these remittances, moderate as they are,

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“ I can awaken the Father in Monf. Du Val, and
“ make him remember that he had a Son.”

In effect, the heart of his father appeared to be softened, by his writing letters from time to time to his son, containing ardent wishes to see him again.

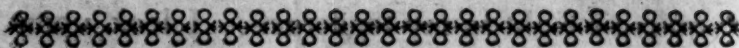
Young Du Val now saw himself in a situation to satisfy the desires of his father, and to indulge his own inclinations. The Ambassador having kept him five years in his service, conferred on him a considerable employment. Before he took possession of it he repaired to * * * *, and made himself known to his father, who for some years had subsisted on his benefactions. Mr. Du Val received him as a man to whom he was under obligations; talked to him of the pleasures that the Epicurean philosophy, to which he was devoted, had procured him; presented him to his mistress; and assured him, that of those pleasures he would be always a welcome partaker, but seemed to have entirely forgotten that he was speaking to his son, and always substituted the name of Friend, in the room of that endearing appellation.

Du Val, as his opulence increased, augmented his liberalities, and ventured, sometimes, to complain to his father of his indifference to him. “ I
“ should, indeed, said he, be quite destitute of
“ sensibility, were I indifferent to you. I have a
“ deep sense of the favours which you confer up-
“ on me, and my acknowledgments are unbound-
“ ed;

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“ed; but I behold in you a friend, who has acquired a right to my tenderness. I look upon the ties of blood as imaginary, and you are no loser by my considering them in that light; for in my eyes, your benefactions are voluntary. It is not a debt which you pay me; it is a gift, that demands in return a double share of gratitude, because you owe me no duty. If you withdraw your favours from me, and turn them into another channel, I shall accuse you of inconstancy, but I shall never tax you with ingratitude.”

Such a pernicious doctrine made no impression on young Du Val. His father having expressed a desire to visit Paris, he furnished a house decently for him, and received him there with his mistress, because the old gentleman had told him, that he could not be happy without a woman, to whose humour he had been so long accustomed. They lived fourteen years together, during which the caprices of the father never weakened the patience of the son, who, being thoroughly persuaded that we are not authorised to do evil by the example of others, never deviated from the respect and obedience which he thought due to the second author of his being.



MODERN HEROISM.

Translated from the French.

THOSE who, on seeing this title, expect me to relate the adventures of men commonly called Heroes, will be disappointed. The persons usually termed so have the least pretensions to heroism, according to my idea of the word. Every man who performs the duties of one, is my hero. To this glorious title both sexes, and all ages, may aspire; and it is to encourage my Readers to deserve it, that I have drawn the following example, not from an exalted situation, but from domestic life.

An honest lawyer (quibble with the word as much as you please), an honest lawyer, I say, brought up an only son with great care. I need not tell my Readers that he was not rich: honesty and riches are almost incompatible. His name was Bonneau. It was with the utmost difficulty he procured a livelihood by his profession; and in spite of the most rigid œconomy, he was deeply in debt, for he owed an hundred crowns. The persons to whom he was accountable for this sum, were tired of dunning him for it: they procured a warrant against him, and he was arrested. How did his son behave on this occasion?

occasion? He in vain offered himself to the creditors to be thrown into prison in the room of his father: the exchange was not permitted; the only favour which he could obtain was a delay of some hours, during which time his father remained in durance vile, within the claws of a catchpole.

Young Bonneau, having borrowed a horse, went to Messy, a few leagues distance; and setting no value on his liberty or his life, if he could sacrifice them for the deliverance of his father, paid a visit to Monf. D——, captain in the regiment of R——, who was ordered to Flanders, and demanded of him an hundred crowns for his future services in that regiment. As he was well-made, and of a good family, the captain gave him the money without hesitation. Bonneau frankly acquainted him with the motives for his conduct, and the manner in which he intended to employ the sum he had lent him; and the captain, though in haste to compleat his company, was generous enough to give him eight days for the repayment of it, by which his engagement with him should be cancelled.

Bonneau, without thinking of the terms on which he had purchased the liberty of his father, speedily returned, and agreeably surprized both him and his creditors. But the joy of this good man was of short duration. His son had carefully concealed from him the means he had made use of to disengage him from his difficulties, and he

he was not acquainted with them till the regiment was beginning its march.

As every body expected the approaching campaign to be bloody, the old man embraced his son with a particular tenderness, as if he should never see him again. He would gladly have spent the remainder of his life in prison to save, in his turn, a son so worthy of his affection; but the evil was not to be remedied. One of his brothers, a surgeon at Mentz, though in very easy circumstances, was of too sordid a disposition to assist his nephew, and he met with no friends possessed of more sensibility. He had nothing, therefore, to do, but to fulfil his military engagements.

The Supreme Director of Events does not always delay his blessings to the good to a future state; he frequently rewards them here; and young Bonneau seemed to be marked out for the enjoyment of those blessings which his goodness deserved.

In the battle of LaFeldt, the regiment of R—— lost its colours. The Colonel, distracted, cried out to his men, “We are disgraced, my brave fellows; we must retrieve our reputation, or perish in the attempt.”

In speaking these words he broke through the enemy's ranks, and every man, determined to die with him, followed him like a fury.—The enemy, filled with astonishment, made, nevertheless, a vigorous resistance. The French carried every where with them death and desolation, and cut
their

their way to the center, within sight of their colours. Young Bonneau seized one pair, and his companions, shot thro' and thro', made him a rampart with their bodies. But this regiment, consisting of two battalions, paid dear for the honour which they had acquired; out of more than twelve hundred men, sixty only escaped, all covered with honourable wounds. The Colonel himself received four, which did not, however, hinder him from saying to the young soldier, who was in the same condition, "Take care of the standard, my dear Bonneau; I shall either cease to be Colonel, or it will be the reward of your valour." In effect, the courage of this young man being represented at court in a proper light, he was made an officer, and it was with that well-earned title, at the end of the campaign, he returned to dry up the tears of a parent who loved him, as he loved his life.



THE
UNHAPPY FATHER,
AND
UNFORTUNATE SON.

IN the celebrated South-Sea year, which many people now living have reason to remember, Mr. Marlow, a gentleman possessed of a small

small estate in Shropshire, came to town on business of importance ; which lying chiefly among those who were intoxicated with the hopes of sudden riches, he caught the contagion of the times ; and being unhackneyed in the ways of men, became the prey of those harpies who subsist by the follies of their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Marlow had lately buried an amiable wife, who left him the father of two fine children, a son and a daughter ; but, regardless of their interest, so fatally was he deluded with the golden prospects rising to his fancy, that he sold acre after acre, till he was only rich in expectation. Buoyed up awhile by those who had been accessory to his ruin, he saw not the errors he had committed, nor repented of his conduct ; but when Poverty stared him in the face, it is easier to conceive than express the emotions of his mind. He was reduced to beggary, and could blame himself alone for the wretchedness of his condition. To be miserable thro' one's own fault, what a mortifying reflection !

When Mr. Marlow beheld his children, possessed of all the accomplishments which a liberal education could give them, and in whose tender minds he had instilled the purest notions of rectitude and honour ; when he saw those children deprived of their patrimony, and reduced to the most necessitous circumstances, he was almost bereft of reason, and in his moments of frenzy cursed the pledges of conjugal affection, which he before regarded as blessings sent to him
from

from Heaven ; wished that he could bear alone the burden of calamity, and could scarce be prevailed on to see those whom he had so tenderly loved, and so cruelly abused. In short, the agony of his mind had such an effect upon his body, that it threw him into a fever, the violence of which totally deprived him of his intellects, and thereby blunted all the pangs of remembrance. A lucid interval returning a few hours before his departure, he desired to see his unhappy children : and after having lamented over them in the most pathetic terms, and bewailing the ruin which he had brought upon them, he addressed himself to his son, a youth in the prime of life, in the following manner :

“ You was once, my dear child, heir to a moderate but competent estate ; you are now, by your father’s folly, reduced to indigence. Whatever errors I have committed, remember that I am still a parent, and let the following advice of a father sink deep into your soul. To whatever misfortunes you may be driven by poverty, forfeit not, upon any account, the character of a man of honour. Do any thing in your power, with integrity, for your support, and look upon no action as contemptible that is not criminal. If Providence is pleased to assist your honest endeavours, be kind, very kind, to your unfortunate sister. Strengthen all her virtuous resolutions, and preserve her from those who would lure her from the paths of innocence. Remember
“ yourself,

“yourself, and remind her also, that nothing
“renders man or woman truly miserable, but
“the loss of reputation. Observe her conduct
“with a father’s eye, and be to her, what, till
“this last fatal mistake, I was to you, a fond
“parent, a faithful guardian, a firm protector
“and a sincere friend. For your own sake let my
“memory be revered, and forget the indiscreti-
“on that has shortened my days. Long might
“I have lived a happy father, had not one hor-
“rid deed destroyed that tender appellation. But
“I sincerely hope, and humbly pray, that on
“me alone the punishment may fall, as by me
“alone the folly was committed: and I hope
“that Heaven will raise friends to protect
“and —”

At these words his voice grew so weak that he could articulate no more; but, stretching out his arms, he embraced, wept over, and blessed his children, by turns, as long as his declining strength would permit; and expired in the arms of his son, who, with his sister, was so overwhelmed with the loss of such an unfortunate parent, that all their other griefs were soon forgotten.

After the first effusions of their sorrow were over, and the funeral duties performed, young Marlow began to reflect seriously on his own as well as his sister’s pitiable situation. His good sense, assisted by his father’s remonstrances, convinced him that indigence was not to be conquered by sloth. He endeavoured, therefore, to
throw

throw himself into business, and with that view solicited all those who had professed a friendship for his father to facilitate his intentions.

He received, at first, flattering promises from them, but those promises became fainter and fainter. He soon found, by the coolness of their behaviour, the emptiness of their professions; and was, in a short time, whenever he went to visit them, dismissed from their houses with frigid denial. Even his relations, his nearest relations, refused him pecuniary assistance, and hardened their hearts against him with so much unkindness, that the liberty of lodging in the house of one of them was considered as a mark of particular condescension.

Disconcerted, however, as he was with the treatment he met with, he was attentive to the preservation of his sister, and with much difficulty procured her a reception in the family of a woman who subsisted by taking in plain-work, with a very scanty allowance. To a young creature who had been nursed in the lap of Elegance, and was now arrived at an age when the world appears in its gayest colours, what a mortifying situation was this! She bore, however, the severity of her dependance with fortitude, and murmured not at the wretchedness of her subsistence. Her behaviour, indeed, was far superior to her years. Few of her sex were adorned with more personal charms, fewer with more elegant accomplishments: nor did her conversation want any of those attractions which are so requisite to improve

prove the conquests made by Beauty. Her graces were numberless, and numberless also were the admirers of them. But in this degenerate, this sordid age, if the personal merit of a girl is not brightened by the lustre which it receives from her purse, she will not easily convert her lover into a husband.

Among the number of those who attempted to seduce her under the mask of love, was a young baronet, for whose sister she worked, and whom, by going frequently to his house, she often saw, for he always planted himself in her way. He soon discovered her lodgings, and thought he gave a striking proof of his affection for her, by rating her innocence at a hundred a year. But she resisted his addresses with firmness, and rejected his offers with contempt. Her refusal, tho' it disconcerted him, did not deter him from prosecuting his infamous designs; and, circumstanced as she was, it is uncertain how far his solicitations might have prevailed, had not her brother, vigilant for her welfare, discovered the danger she was in, by a letter which he found one day on her table when he went to visit her, and which she had left there through forgetfulness. The emotions with which he read it strongly marked his indignation, and extorted the most serious admonitions. He talked earnestly and seriously to her on the dignity of reputation; bid her remember the principles in which she had been educated; painted the calamities with which a vicious course of life is attended,

tended, in terms so animated and striking, that they made her shudder. After a shower of tears, she solemnly assured him that nothing prejudicial to her honour had entered into her thoughts, but that she had looked upon herself obliged to behave with civility to a gentleman from whose family she received her principal support.

“That apology for your conduct, replied he briskly, will not satisfy me, sister. She who consents to hear the man whose views is to deceive her, is in great danger of being seduced. Flattery, or perhaps force, may effect that event which you now reflect upon with horror; and when, no matter by what means, your ruin is compleated, what will your repentance and your remorse avail, except to double your distress? You must, continued he, see this foe to innocence no more. Whatever you lose, with regard to your subsistence on his account, will, I doubt not, be amply made up by the bounty of Providence, in reward for so meritorious a sacrifice.” Without the least hesitation she assured him that she was ready to comply with his prohibition, and not only to refuse his visits, but to reject his letters.

Marlow seemed to be tolerably well contented with his sister's assurances; but reflecting more seriously afterwards on the artifices of his own sex, and the weakness of her's, he could not be satisfied till he had removed her to another lodging, which he provided for her in a distant part of the town; earnestly conjuring her not only to
withdraw

withdraw herself from a house which contained a person of the Baronet's pernicious principles and address, but with the utmost caution to conceal the place of her habitation : adding, that if Heaven did not enable him to subsist in a more agreeable manner, he would rather stoop to the lowest offices of life, and beg from door to door, than suffer her to be exposed to infamy, for the supply of her necessities.

Such a striking example of honour in a brother whom she tenderly and truly loved, not a little encouraged her to confirm her virtuous inclinations, and to strengthen her chaste resolves. She repeatedly declared to him, that no calamity should warp her affection for him, nor stimulate her to commit any action by which she might forfeit his esteem.

During the revolution of eight years, this excellent brother and his amiable sister met with a number of sorrows and disappointments, the enumeration of which would fill a volume, were they related with all the circumstances that attended them. At the end of that time Mr. Marlow was reduced to the depth of despair ; for the relation with whom he had hitherto continued, began to be weary of his little kindnesses to him, and to treat him in a manner to which his spirit could not submit : and being apprehensive that from the coldness in his cousin's behaviour, exclusion from his house would soon follow, he regarded his situation as desperate, and was almost
distracted

distracted with reflecting upon it. To the anguish of his mind, the situation of his sister not a little contributed ; for he could not bear to see her bending beneath the weight of her misfortunes, and feel, at the same time, that he had not power to remove them. Harrowed up with these most tormenting thoughts, and having no friends to assist him, either with their interest or advice, he formed a fatal resolution to supply his own wants by seizing the property of others. He furnished himself with the equipage of an highwayman ; and a booty of two hundred pounds in his first attack flattered him so much, that all ideas of rectitude were erased from his mind, and he pursued the road to perdition with a giddy alacrity.

In a few days, by his good fortune and intrepidity, he made himself master of a thousand pounds, the greatest part of which he placed in the funds for the benefit of his sister, who was very desirous of knowing the source of such sudden acquisitions ; but he refused to satisfy her curiosity, though he could not remove her astonishment, lest the knowledge of triumphant vice might sully her virtue, and prompt her also to actions inconsistent with the profession of it.

Though he was for some time a successful adventurer, his good fortune did not long continue. After a few weeks had rolled away in his favour, he attacked a gentleman well-mounted with the usual imperious salutation, " Stand and deliver."

But

But he unluckily pitched upon a wrong object; for the gentleman, having a large sum about him, was not in the least inclined to part with it. He opposed to Marlow's pistol his own, and fired it with more success; for he lodged a ball in the upper part of his adversary's arm, without receiving the slightest wound himself. Marlow, feeling himself wounded, and equally stung by interest and revenge, prepared to try the other pistol; but the gentleman's servant frustrated that attempt.

Marlow now finding it dangerous to engage with both, clapped spurs to his horse, and avoided their pursuit with the utmost precipitation. After having crossed a variety of roads, to mislead his pursuers, he arrived late at his lodgings, where he sent for a surgeon immediately, and pretended that he had been wounded in struggling with an highwayman, who had attempted to rob him. The truth of his assertion was not disputed, nor did any imagine he had been criminally the cause of the wound which he had received. Heaven, in compassion to those virtuous principles which had resisted so many temptations, and were only conquered by necessity, was pleased to save him from an ignominious execution, and to take him from the world while he was high in its good opinion.

On searching the wound, the surgeon found it to be of such a nature that he formed no hopes of curing it. He did not tell his patient in plain words what he thought of his situation, but his
looks

looks were sufficient to inform him that his dissolution approached. He, therefore, desired a clergyman of the church of England might be sent for, to whom he confessed, in the presence of those who attended him in his last illness, the many crimes he had of late committed, and the incitements he had to undertake the infamous occupation of an highwayman.

As soon as he had made a full confession of his crimes, his sister entered the room, having been informed of his wound: but not having been acquainted at the same time of his danger, flattered herself that she had brought him news which would greatly facilitate his recovery; and before she could be told the truth of his condition, began to inform him that a gentleman of the same name, having died without an heir, had left him his whole estate, amounting to above fifteen hundred pounds a year.

“Thou art just, O Heaven!” cried he, when she had closed her speech; “What a rich reward was preparing for me, had I persevered in the paths of innocence! But when I had swerved from the principles in which I was brought up, I was no longer fit to reap the benefit of thy divine decree! He who cannot confide in the Almighty Power who created him, deserves all the wretchedness which he endures.”

By these fervent expressions his sister was thrown into the utmost astonishment, which was

succeeded by the most soul-distracting grief when she heard of the confession her brother had made, and of his approaching end.

Marlow endeavoured to alleviate the affliction of his sister, and conjured her in the most solemn manner, with the most affecting accents, always to preserve her innocence.

As some atonement for his own guilt, he ordered a strict enquiry to be made after the persons whom he had robbed, and desired that all he had taken might be restored with double interest, if the parties could be found.

Out of the estate bequeathed to him, he allotted five hundred pounds a year for charitable uses, and left the residue to his sister.

He lived but a few hours after he had made his will, and spent those few hours in prayers and meditation.

FAMILY PIECES:

OR,

DOMESTIC LIFE

EXHIBITED AND CONTRASTED IN

VARIOUS SITUATIONS.

FAMILY PIECES

or

DOMESTIC LIFE

EXHIBITED AND CONTRASTED IN

VARIOUS SITUATIONS

D. 2



THE
HAPPY PAIR.

IT is frequently lamented by the advocates for matrimony, that there are very few happy couples: the few, however, who are happy, sufficiently prove that the marriage-state is productive of as much felicity as human creatures can reasonably expect, when it is entered into with prudent views, and proper dispositions:

Well should the *matrimonial* vows be weigh'd,
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in churches made.

If people are urged by sensual or sordid motives to attach themselves to each other for life; if they only join their fortunes together, in order to make a figure in the gay world, without paying any regard to the domestic duties, or considering the hymeneal union in any other light

than a political one ; they will probably repent of their connections, and live to feel the emptiness of external appearance, when inward peace is wanting. There are moments in which the most thoughtless and dissipated are driven to reflection ; and these moments, if they are not quite divested of sensibility, will be miserable.

Aristus, one of the best and most amiable men in the world, is happily married to a woman, who is equally amiable in her temper, and exemplary in her manners. Aspasia is possessed of the powers of pleasing a sensible man to a very eminent degree. She is not a beauty, but extremely agreeable in her person, and few men have stronger understandings. Aspasia always took more pains to cultivate her mind than to dress her head ; and her husband is, therefore, never under a necessity of going from home in search of a suitable companion.

Aristus has a literary turn, and Aspasia a high relish for letters, with a very just taste. Reading, consequently, employs many of their leisure hours ; and when they are engaged in the perusal of works of merit, they are never sensible of the flight of time.

Few people are so happy as Aristus and Aspasia in the marriage state, because few people reflect seriously on the rites which united them. The generality go through the forms prescribed by authority, without considering their force ; and after they have, in the most solemn manner, sworn to the observance of their engagements,
think

think no more about them, when they have turned their backs to the altar. The binding words, which ought to make a deep impression on their hearts, die upon their lips as soon as uttered; and the approaching festivity of the honey-moon totally obliterates all moral, not to say religious ideas.

When Aristus and Aspasia advanced to the sacred spot, and heard the conditions on which they joined their hands, they heard them with the most serious attention, and promised to perform the duties required with the most devout punctuality. The marriage-ceremony did not to them appear trifling: they considered the importance of it before they made their vows; and when they had made them, would have forfeited their lives, rather than have broken them.

To a number of even "good sort of people," according to the common phrase, Matrimony is here drawn in colours rather too grave: and many will say, that I make it appear quite gloomy, because there is something in the very sound of a Wedding-day, which operates like a charm upon the spirits of the bride and bridegroom, and tends to excite gay thoughts in the mind, and pleasing sensations in the heart. But I mean not, by dwelling on the seriousness with which the marriage ceremony ought to be performed, to banish mirth and good-humour from the first, nor to damp the pleasurable sensations of the last. The seriousness which I recommend is the true source of nuptial delight, and natu-

naturally tends to inspire the contracted parties, however paradoxical the assertion may seem, with chearful reflections and happy feelings : and I flatter myself that those who have any the faintest notions of the morality of matrimony, will subscribe to what I have said in its behalf.

Aristus and Aspasia are always studying, by a thousand refinements in their behaviour, to make each other more and more happy every day : there is ever a complacency in their countenances, which arises not from a casual and involuntary motion of the features, but is evidently expressive of heart-felt felicity. They are singular in many respects from what is generally called *The World*, and they are not ashamed to appear so. They walk about together commonly, without desiring the company of a third person to entertain them, and are consequently stared at as a couple of odd folks, who are very particular. They chuse to be very odd : their joy is to be particular.

Sauntering together one day in the Park they met Flirtilla, who being married to a man she horribly hated, envied every woman happier than herself in a husband. Aspasia had often seen her at the house of a lady, with whom they were both acquainted, but they did not visit. Flirtilla, as she passed Aspasia, whose hand was round the arm of the amiable Aristus, asked her what was the price of a pair of doves. The joke was too plain to be mistaken ; but it was also too ridiculous to be gravely returned, Aspasia look-

ed full at her, but made no reply. She turned directly to Aristus, and with the most winning smile convinced Flirtilla how much she gloried in her husband, and thereby mortified her more than if she had used a thousand sarcaistical expressions. The severest expression is not half so mortifying as a contemptuous silence.

While Aristus is transacting his business abroad, Aspasia employs herself at home to make his domestic retreat more and more delightful, by scheming something for his amusement at his return, which he did not expect to find at his taking leave of her. She is certain, by thus employing herself, to make him redouble his endearments, and these endearments amply reward her for the exertion of her abilities to preserve his affections, and to encrease them. Her little attentions upon these occasions always answer her expectations. She wishes, by diversifying his domestic pleasures, to render such pleasures his favourite ones; and she is never disappointed. Home is, by a constant assiduity, and ingenious talents, the place wherein the only happy hours of his life are spent. When a woman is thoroughly acquainted with her husband's inclinations, and from having a sincere regard for him, makes it the employment of her life to flatter them, before they are discovered to her, she will hardly ever fail, unless she is linked to a brutal wretch, who carries about him no marks of humanity except in his figure, of making herself permanently agreeable

to her husband, and of strengthening his attachment to her.

Aspasia is fond of pictures, and nobody knows better when they are executed in a masterly manner. Landscapes give her the greatest delight, because they present scenes and objects which she can look at without ever wearying her eyes. Those who have a high relish for the beauties of Nature, are never tired with beholding them; they are always new, and always agreeable; by those the best copies of Nature's charms are viewed with a particular pleasure at all times. Aspasia loves the country: the painters therefore who exhibit rural views, and the manners of rural life, in the most lively colours, and with the greatest precision, are the artists whom she particularly admires. She never visits any collection of landscapes without expressing her satisfaction at the sight of those which have real merit to recommend them to her attention, and that is never attracted by indifferent pieces. Aristus hears her raptures with singular joy, when she is reviewing the animated performances of Barret, Wilson, Gainsborough, and Smith; and when she has discovered what picture she prefers, approves her taste in the strongest terms. He says no more at the time she is giving proofs of her discernment in vertu, but takes an opportunity, ere he quits the house, unseen by her, to order it home early the next morning, before she is stirring, that she may be surprized with the sight of it, when she comes down to breakfast. His connois-

connoisseur friends compliment him on his having enriched his collection, but he assures them that Aspasia's judgment directed him in the choice of the picture which they admire.

With the same artful address, and concealed delight, he surprizes her with every thing in the toy, porcelaine, and *bijouterie* way, which her delicacy, he knows, will not suffer her to purchase for herself: it appears very soon after she has hinted that it is vastly pretty, and that she should like it extremely, either upon her cabinet or dressing-table. She starts at the sight of what she never expected to see in her own possession, and, in the exultation of her heart, cannot help breaking out into fond encomiums on the generosity of her dear Aristus, who stands in a corner of the room unperceived, and enjoys his own praises with double pleasure, because they were not intended for his hearing.

Aristus and Aspasia have been married ten years, and are as happy now as they were on the day which crowned their wishes. They have no children; they never had any; but they are, nevertheless, happy. If they have never known parental pleasures, neither have they felt parental cares. The felicity which they have for so many years enjoyed, by their mutual endeavours to cherish the flame which they mutually endeavoured to raise, might be weakened, if not destroyed by untoward, undutiful children; but it cannot be increased by the most amiable offspring.

The

The behaviour of Aristus and Aspasia in company to each other is always admired, even by those who would blush to be so unfashionable as to follow it: their behaviour makes on every one who observes it, whether it is thought worthy of imitation or not, an impression in their favour, because it plainly appears to be natural, and not occasionally assumed. Their politeness is so easy and unaffected, that it leaves no reason to suppose it not habitual. Aristus is as complaisant to Aspasia as he was during his courtship, and she is quite as obliging to him as when she received his addresses. At the most elegant tea-tables in town, whatever ladies are in the room, Aspasia is the principal object of his attention; if he sees that her cup is empty, while the servant is otherwise employed, he flies to take it from her; and if the finest woman in the kingdom sat near her, in the same situation, she would only in the second place attract his notice. In this behaviour to Aspasia, in the genteelest companies, he obstinately perseveres, contrary to the common practice of the married men of the age; but he perseveres with so much propriety, that those who are most ready to ridicule such behaviour, respect him for it. Aspasia's carriage to Aristus is, upon all occasions, equally polite, and equally respectful.

The familiarities which are authorized by Matrimony, are too apt to throw down the fences raised by Good-breeding against the encroachments of Licentiousness; and we see too many instances,

instances, every day, of matrimonial infidelity, resulting entirely from a disregard to those soft civilities which give to social life all its agreeableness, and are particularly necessary to make the married-life desirable. Aristus and Aspasia, thoroughly convinced of the consequence of these positions, are as studious, by the most refined good-manners, and a strict observance of the above-mentioned civilities, to preserve each other's affections, as they were solicitous, ten years ago, to gain them. Let those who enter into the marriage-state with a desire to be happy as Aristus and Aspasia, follow their examples: with such dispositions as theirs, and by such methods as they pursue, in the management of their lives, the same happiness, allowing for different situations, may be, not unreasonably, expected.



THE

UNHAPPY PAIR.

ARATUS would never have married Livia, if he had not been threatened by his father with disinheritance, in case he refused her. He ran into matrimony, therefore to preserve himself from ruin. He saved himself indeed, from the jaws of Poverty, by marrying a woman whom he hated; he secured his patrimony by his obedience, but he lost his peace. Parents are too

too apt to suppose that a rich marriage must be a happy one. It is strange that such notions should be so often entertained, even by men who in general make right reflections, when the experience of every day proves their absurdity.

If Livia was only deformed in her person, Aratus might, in time, perhaps, conquer his aversion to it, or at least he may endure, though he cannot love her; but as she is, unfortunately, as crooked in her mind as in her body, she is, by her double deformity, odious to him in the highest degree. Haughty, passionate, and satirical, censorious and contradictory; Aratus enjoys not a moment's pleasure in her company from morning to night. She crosses all his designs, thwarts him in every thing, nay even studies with a malicious ingenuity to tease him, because she knows that he married her merely from compulsion: and she discovers the more acrimony in her behaviour to him, as Amanda, whom he was obliged to desert on her account, possesses many charms both personal and intellectual, and is, indeed, an object every way as amiable as herself is disagreeable. When he does not come home exactly at the hour she expects him, she concludes that he has been with Amanda, and makes the house ring with her abusive language; for having had a very illiberal education, and being naturally vulgar, she communicates her sentiments in expressions only proper for the most plebeian mouths, and which any

any woman ever so little raised above the common herd, would blush to utter, so gross, so indelicate are her ideas, and so adequate to those ideas is her diction.

Aratus has reason every day he wakes, to wish that he had, in opposition to the menaces of his father, followed his inclinations at the expence of his duty, so severely does he suffer for his obedience. With Amanda's small fortune he would have been happy, in all human probability; with Livia's immense riches he is certainly wretched. He lives, 'tis true, with more splendor now, than he could have done with Amanda; but what is splendor without felicity? But why do I mention felicity? What an unfashionable word! Who ever thinks of being happy in the Marriage-state? I ought to make an apology for giving the least hint that felicity is of more consequence than fortune.

Awkward, however, as I may appear to Polite Readers, I will persist in asserting, that those who marry only for the sake of making a splendid figure in the world, can never be happy; not even if they are indifferent to the persons with whom they are united, and flatter themselves, that they can lead very pleasant lives unconnected with them.

As happy pairs, who love sincerely, have a thousand ways of rendering the marriage-state agreeable to each other, which they never thought of before they came together; so unhappy pairs, who hate as sincerely, have innumerable methods

thods to render it disagreeable to one another, by which, if they have any feeling, they must be affected. No body can hate his wife more heartily than Aratus hates Livia, but he cannot arm himself with insensibility, and pretend not to be hurt by her endeavours to make him unhappy. He avoids her as much as possible, he is seldom at home; but while he is there, her behaviour, together with his own thoughts on the misery which he brought upon himself, almost drive him to distraction. The visitations of Providence may be borne without murmuring and repining; but when sufferings are occasioned by our own follies, they gall us with double severity, and make us accuse ourselves with double vehemence.

Aratus inherits his father's estate, but he cannot enjoy it. Were I to say that he enjoys it, with such a wife as Livia, nobody, after the sketch I have drawn of her, would believe me. Aratus lives suitably to his fortune, but, till Livia dies, he cannot live agreeably to his taste. Livia embitters all his moments, even those which he snatches to dedicate to his Amanda, who still loves, and with pity beholds him. Sensible that when he was forced to leave her, he fondly doated on her, and did not leave her without doing the greatest violence to his inclination, she feels her tender heart throb for him alone, and often receives his penitential sighs upon her chaste bosom, with a melancholy delight.

light. The scenes between Aratus and Amanda are always highly pathetic. They meet with smiles, but their conversations are too interesting to prevent their parting without tears. The moments which Aratus dedicates to his Amanda, are the only happy ones of his life; but those moments are few, and those few interrupted by his reflecting, in the midst of them upon the shortness of their duration, and the hours of unhappiness which are to succeed them.

The extreme kindness with which Amanda always receives Aratus, gives him infinite pleasure; but the delicate tenderness of her behaviour often raises painful sensations in his breast. It makes him look on himself in a contemptible light. He calls himself to a severe account for having quitted so amiable a woman, though conscious that filial duty, and not a sordid passion, urged him to give his hand to the most unlovely being in the universe. Amanda, with gentleness, constantly rebukes him, when she hears his self-corrections, and tells him, that she knows too well the motives by which he was actuated when he married Livia to think him answerable for them. He almost reveres her for the nobleness of her sentiments, and bears the pressure of his yoke as patiently as he can, hoping one day to exchange it for a lighter.

The sight of a worthy man in such a situation as I have exhibited Aratus, naturally calls up reflections in a mind addicted to reflection, on the tyranny of parents, with regard to the dis-

disposal of their children in marriage. The happiness of his child should be, one would think, the principal object of a good parent's attention; and yet we daily see men and women pretending to have nothing so much at heart as the happiness of their offspring, taking the only measures in the world to render them miserable. The observations I here introduce are, indisputably, very trite; but such observations may surely be with propriety repeated, as long as new subjects arise to extort them.

With a great share of low cunning, without a grain of good-nature, Livia from the time she rises to the time she goes to rest, tortures her imagination to disturb the happiness of all her acquaintance in general, and to destroy her husband's felicity in particular. Against him she exerts her art of tormenting with singular satisfaction, and very ingeniously contrives to make him exquisitely wretched. Out of respect to her sex Aratus refrains from violence, and is too well-bred to return the language which he receives. As a man he scorns to strike her, and as a gentleman to use scurrilous expressions; but she is often so provoking, that he is with the greatest difficulty able to keep his passions within the limits of decorum.

Being naturally of an ill-natured disposition, Livia feels a kind of happiness in the distresses of her fellow-creatures; but if her temper was less diabolic, and more angelic, Aratus would find home no desirable place; for setting aside her

her malevolence, there never was a more uncompanionable woman. Livia's intellects are extremely shallow; she has no attainments. Her ignorance is excessive, and she is illiterate beyond all bearing. She has an unconquerable aversion to books: and wonders that Aratus can pore over them hour after hour, "muddling his brains," to borrow her own elegant phrase, which is frequently uttered.

To draw the picture of an unhappy Married Pair, is not an agreeable employment; but it may, perhaps, be an useful one. There are many views to be taken of matrimony, and the agreeable ones will appear to double advantage, when they are contrasted with those which are otherwise. By pointing out some of the general causes of infelicity in the marriage-state, I may, I hope I shall, prompt those who are going to enter into it, to endeavour to deserve the approbation of the best part of the world.

From what I have already said, the unhappiness of Aratus with Livia is not to be doubted; but it may be placed in a still stronger light. By the jealousy of Livia, Amanda too has many uneasy moments as well as Aratus; and his uneasinesses are considerably increased by her's. Every pang which so amiable a woman feels on his account, stabs him to the heart. When he thinks of her sufferings he is, indeed, completely unhappy. He almost wishes every day that Livia would put it in his power to sue for a divorce, by resenting his contemptuous treatment.

ment of her, in a manner which a great many women of spirit would practise, without any impertinent, conscientious scruples; but she is so very disagreeable in her person, that Aratus has no hopes of being dishonoured by her. When a man is driven by the behaviour of his wife to this extremity of wishing, how much is his situation to be compassionated!

Livia, from the jealousy of her temper, is always upon the rack; she never sees Aratus go out of the house, but she thinks that he is going to visit Amanda, and is mean enough to bribe his servant often to watch her husband, and inform her whenever he is with Amanda. Of all the passions which torment us poor mortals "in this pinfold here," jealousy is most devoutly to be dreaded; because it never leaves the breast which it inhabits. All other passions are temporary: they pain us for a while, and are often followed by pleasurable sensations;

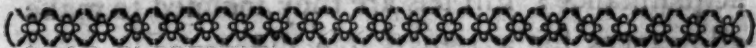
But those who are by Jealousy possess,

With peace of mind are NEVER, NEVER blest.

They live in a state of continued anxiety, and are tortured with all the pangs of avarice, without feeling any of its pleasure. Avarice has some pleasures, but Jealousy feels none.

I have been insensibly drawn into the above reflections on this miserable passion; because Aratus suffers so much infelicity from its having taken full possession of Livia's heart. Every
body

body who knows him pities his situation, more especially because he cannot extricate himself from it without throwing himself into greater difficulties and perplexities.



THE AMIABLE SON.

CHILDREN, when they are dutiful and affectionate, are certainly blessings: I will not say that they are, when they behave so as to make their parents repent of having contributed to their existence. The joy of an happy father is not to be conveyed by words: the grief of an unhappy one is also inexpressible.

Among the number of the first is Benevolus; and no man ever deserved more to be blessed with an amiable offspring, for I never knew a more indulgent parent. Benevolus treats his son in such a manner as to make him sensible that he is not only his father but his friend (characters not so often united as they ought to be); and Florio by his whole behaviour shews that his filial affection is equal to his filial duty. Fathers like Benevolus, and sons like Florio, are seldom seen: there are luckily, however, a few scattered up and down in the world, to prevent my being charged with drawing ideal beings.

Benevolus is a widower, and has no child except Florio: he married late in life, and is

now

now advancing to the last stage, while Florio is in his prime. The contrast between them is very striking. Few young people think seriously enough to make proper allowances for the difference of years, even among their common acquaintance; still less are they inclined to make allowances for a remarkable difference in point of age between themselves and their parents. The majority of young folks, rising into their meridian, are too apt to look upon their old relations, especially their nearest ones, as bars to their happiness; and if they do not absolutely wish them out of the way, behave as if they would not be at all sorry to be decently deprived of them. How different from his cotemporaries, in this respect, is Florio! The advanced age of Benevolus, instead of diminishing his duty, or lessening his affection, animates him to give the most pleasing proofs both of the former and the latter. Florio never thinks the time thrown away which is spent in the company of his father, because he knows that the chief happiness of that father's life arises from his filial assiduities, and endeavours to amuse him. He is of a lively disposition, loves society, and no young fellow is more happily qualified for spirited conversation; but he suffers no pleasurable party to divert him from paying due attention to his parent.

Benevolus is a man of fortune, and of a liberal disposition. Objects in distress, if they deserve to be relieved, always attract his notice. He
lives

lives, though in affluent circumstances, with great œconomy and frugality, that his beneficence may be more extensively exerted; and contents himself with very few of the *unnecessaries* of life, in order to enlarge the circulation of his bounties. Florio sees his father so generously employed, without the least desire to interrupt his liberalities. On the contrary he encourages them, and studiously searches for objects proper to be compassionated. Benevolus never opens nor closes his eyes without returning thanks to Heaven for being blessed with such a son as Florio; whilst the latter is equally grateful to Providence for such a father as the former. Happier mortals than the one or the other, I never saw, and I question whether persons enjoying a greater portion of temporal felicity can be produced.

Strangers, who are not sufficiently acquainted with Benevolus and Florio to know their characters and connections, never behold them walking or riding together, without wondering to see youth and age upon so friendly, so sociable a footing. As a young and an old man, they view them always together with evident marks of surprize; but when they are told that the objects of that surprize are Father and Son, they stare at them with redoubled admiration, and can hardly give credit to the intelligence. How would their wonder be increased were they to be spectators of all the *minutiæ* of behaviour in their private hours? By all who
are

are intimately acquainted with them they are beheld with a respectful satisfaction, approaching to veneration.

“What would I give,” said Infelix one day to Benevolus, “what would I not give to be as happy in a son as you are?” Florio was with his father when these words were uttered, and it would require a masterly hand to paint the looks of both, at their delivery.

Florio, very early in life, discovered the most amiable dispositions and an aptitude to receive the instructions of those who superintended his education. He had a very strong capacity, and gave his masters great pleasure by the quickness of his apprehension, and the docility of his temper; by his eagerness to acquire knowledge, and his ardent desire to enlarge the powers of his mind. To encourage that eagerness, and to promote that desire, Benevolus was ever ready; and as he himself was possessed of an improved understanding, and very extensive literary accomplishments, he took an infinite delight in marking the swift progress which Florio made in his intellectual exercises. He would have been highly pleased to have seen such amiable dispositions, and such a happy propensity to literature, in any youth; but to see those dispositions and that propensity in his own son, gave him a secret solid pleasure which “beggars all description.”

As Florio grew up, he rather grew more than less addicted to letters. With his increasing years, his thirst for knowledge likewise increased :
his

his acquisitions in learning are, at this time, amazing. But he is not only admirable for his literary acquisitions, he is equally extraordinary for his virtues as for his attainments. He had luckily an excellent pattern before his eyes in Benevolus, and by that example he was animated to a close imitation of it. After what I have said concerning Florio's capacity, taste, and temper, it is needless, I imagine, to add, that he has found very few companions of his own standing suitable to him, either in their minds or manners: I might subjoin, morals; though in this polite age the morality of a companion is considered as a thing of the least consequence. Florio was never of this opinion, the number of his associates therefore is very small: his father was early his favourite, and to this moment continues so. With his father's conversation he is always improved, as well as entertained; and Benevolus by encouraging Florio to a free disclosure of his sentiments is no loser. He is not one of those self-sufficient people who, at the latter end of life, think themselves too well accomplished to receive any addition to their knowledge; he frequently tells his friends that he feels himself wiser by conversing with his son, as well as happier by his filial regard.

What an agreeable sight is such a father and such a son! each studying, with the most refined address, to render the other happy. The sight must surely be agreeable to indifferent spectators;

but it must prove doubly so to those who are in the same manner happily related.

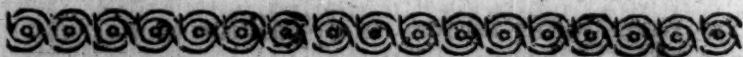
Florio gave not long ago a more striking proof of his filial affection than any I have yet related. Tho' he has a strong understanding, he has also a tender heart, and is not ashamed of his sensibility. Who ever possessed such a heart, without being in love? Florio is at this instant desperately enamoured with a girl whom his father approves, and with whom he wishes to be united. Benevolus, with his usual good-humour, joked him on his being so dilatory in his amours, and urged him to accelerate matters. Florio's answer upon the occasion was uncommon, and will do him honour as often as it is repeated. "Tho' I love Sylvia, sir, said he, next to you, as much as I love my life, I will never marry her while she refuses to be mine, unless I bury the son in the husband. The woman who refuses to let so good a father live with me after I am married, is unworthy my esteem." Benevolus embraced his son tenderly for this singular instance of his real regard for him, but was too much agitated by the most agreeable sensations to articulate the joy which they occasioned: he murmured out his happiness in broken, detached sentences, in which there was, however, as much true elegance as if he had delivered the effusions of his heart with all the graceful pomp of oratory. He thought, before this instant, that he could not possibly love Florio more than he did, but he certainly does love him more for his

his spirited, dutiful, and affectionate behaviour with respect to Sylvia. There are few fathers, indeed, who deserve such a sacrifice; there are fewer sons, I am afraid, disposed to follow Florio's example, in similar circumstances.

Sylvia, piqued at the violent attachment of her lover to his father, in opposition to her desires, has, ever since she was shocked by his refusing to gratify them, taken infinite pains to weaken that attachment, and to laugh him out of his amiable prejudices. Florio is not shaken by her raillery, nor diverted from his resolution to marry her only on his terms; but as he has actually a passion for her, and prefers her to every other woman in the world, he suffers disquietudes which are not to be described. The struggles which he feels disturb his peace, but they produce no alteration in his sentiments in favour of his mistress. Painful as it is to give her up, his filial piety supports him under the conflicts which he endures, and renders him an exalted character: A character certainly to be admired even by those who have not virtue enough to imitate it. Benevolus sees the uneasiness of his son with concern, because he fears that it will endanger his health; but he almost venerates him for the virtues which produced it.

Such a domestic situation as I have described is not frequently met with, and many people will, I fear, regard it as fictitious: but there are many domestic situations, besides this, which would be called romantic, if they were exhibited to the

world. Common characters may please common readers, to whom every extraordinary character will appear in a romantic light. Benevolus and Florio are drawn for readers of a different stamp.



THE BAD SON.

CHARACTERS like Benevolus and Florio are, I am sorry to observe, uncommon; those which I am going to draw are not rare. We see them every day; almost every hour; and, by seeing them so frequently, look at their opposites with the greater astonishment.

A more unhappy parent than Infelix never, perhaps, existed; he does not deserve to be unhappy, because he is the kindest father that ever lived; but all his tenderness is thrown away upon an obstinate, ignorant, immoral, ill humour'd, undutiful son, who is heir to his estate, and who will certainly run headlong to ruin whenever he, unfortunately, comes to the possession of it. Mitio, pleasing himself with the prospect of future riches, takes no pains either to improve his mind, or to render himself, in any shape, useful to society, of which, indeed, he is a most unworthy member. His ignorance is extreme, and can only be exceeded by his ill-nature. He has a mortal aversion to reading, and can hardly bear the sight of a news paper; though by a cursory perusal

perusal of those daily repositories of politics and literature, he might, without much trouble, pick up much useful intelligence, and make a tolerable good figure in a modern conversation-piece. But Mitio never reads; and is, therefore, not properly qualified even to talk nonsense. He appears totally insignificant and contemptible in company: he goes about to public places, sees the World, stares around him, but makes no observations. The objects which strike his eyes go no farther; when they are removed, they are forgotten. He has no memory, and as little sentiment. Were he only stupid, one might bear him; but he is so malevolent as well as ignorant, that he is really a detestable creature. No monkey is more mischievous: all his pleasure arises from giving pain to some living creature about him. He is perpetually plaguing animals; and if he can create any uneasiness to his own species, without risking his person, for he is a contemptible coward, he will do it with immense satisfaction. It would be a tiresome task to enumerate all the freaks of his malevolence, which divert no person but himself. Every body who sees in what manner he employs his time, pities his poor father; and no father is certainly more entitled to compassion.

Mitio's temper is so refractory, that he acts diametrically opposite to the advice of his parent in every respect. He is vicious and extravagant; delights in low company, and is proud of being at the head of it. Drinking, gaming, and gallan-

try, all in the lowest style, by turns he pursues; and in the pursuit of those vices, is making hasty strides to a miserable manhood: he has not yet attained sixteen, but if he is not carried off by his debaucheries before the age of inheritance, his constitution will be demolished. He may live to inherit his father's estate, but I may venture to say, that he will never enjoy it.

Sophronia, the mother of Mitio, in every respect an amiable wife, being of a gentle disposition, and in the strictest sense of the word a good woman, is very much hurt by the vicious and perverse behaviour of her son, whose extravagance and debaucheries will, in all probability, soon put an end to her existence; for she has too much tenderness not to be deeply affected by his profligacy, and is too delicately formed to endure the anguish occasioned by it, long: he sees her, every day, visibly declining in her health, without emotion; and though he is often told that he is himself the cause of her indisposition, hears it with unconcern. Mitio has no filial sensations; he has no feelings. If his father and mother and all his relations lay dead at his feet, he would drink his half-pint bumper over them dry-eyed.

Infelix and Sophronia, with all their admonitions or reproofs, cannot make any impression on their son, nor divert him from his attachment to those vices and follies to which he is by nature prone, and in which he seems determined to persevere, though he has already smarted for his

his sins, and has been more than once seized with dangerous disorders. He is insensible; he is incorrigible; equally deaf to advice, and regardless of warning. No young fellow ever took more pains to dishonour his species: he never appears happy but when going to gratify a pernicious passion, or to indulge a brutal appetite. In the gratification and the indulgence of such passions and appetites he spends the greatest part of his time, and to the most ignoble purposes employs the little glimmering of reason which distinguishes him from the irrational animals of the Creation. We are very ready to call a man of this cast a Brute; but I believe it would puzzle a naturalist to produce a brute half so contemptible as a human being disgracing humanity.

Though Mitio is almost every day, in the kindest manner, intreated by his parents to quit the paths of Libertinism and Debauchery, he pays not the least attention to them, but leaves them with a ridiculous laugh, and tells them that they must not pretend to teach him how to conduct himself. If at any time they grow serious in their reprehensions, and express their uneasiness at the turpitude of his behaviour, he desires them not to trouble their heads about his affairs, informs them (not in very dutiful language) that he does not understand such treatment, flies out of the house in a violent passion, and threatens never to return.

Mitio, besides his propensity to the greater vices already mentioned, has a remarkable *jeu d'esprit* to the lesser ones, among which I reckon mischief-making in its numerous branches; pride, pertness, self-consequence, envy and detraction, with others of the same stamp. With all these lesser vices, by which the peace of families is so frequently disturbed, Mitio is alternately tainted; and very ingeniously contrives, for in low cunning few people excel him, to make the whole house unhappy while he is in it; and to set half the neighbourhood in which he lives, by the ears. His haughty carriage to the servants at home, and the arts which he practises from morning to night to make them incur the displeasure of their master and mistress, render him thoroughly obnoxious; the servants in every family where he visits, are not more satisfied with his behaviour.

The companions which Mitio chuses for his joyous moments are so opposite to Florio, that they seem to be the inhabitants of another world; and while such companions are his darlings, Infelix cannot reasonably hope for a reformation in him.

Infelix and Sophronia often before Mitio, mention the peculiar happiness of Benevolus in having so excellent a son as Florio with the strongest marks of admiration; and paint all that young gentleman's filial virtues in the most striking colours, hoping to make their son thoroughly ashamed of his own vices, and undutiful behaviour:

our: but Mitio hears them lavish their encomiums without the least desire to merit the same; he hears them, but commonly in a very inattentive manner, whistling, drumming with his fingers upon the table, scratching the wainscot with a key, or by applying his lips to the hollow part of it, making it resemble a cat-call; and by such silly signs of inattention, increases the uneasiness which his parents feel on his account.

At the birth of Mitio, Infelix thought himself supremely blessed in having an heir to his estate. He had lost two boys soon after they were christened; and the sight of a third gladdened his heart beyond expression; but the joy which Infelix felt at the birth of Mitio, lasted no longer than his childhood: for as soon as he was breeched, a variety of bad dispositions prognosticated the conversion of that felicity into the sincerest sorrow. Mitio had from that time degenerated every day, and his unhappy father is every day more and more grieved when he thinks to how unworthy a successor his riches may be transmitted. There is, indeed, a very strong probability that Mitio will die before Infelix, though there is a great disparity in their ages. According to the course of nature, Mitio has certainly the advantage of his father; but in point of constitution, Infelix promises to be the longest liver.

I heartily wish that the character I have here drawn, was imaginary: it gives me no small pain to say, that it is copied from the life. There is

great satisfaction in painting a Florio ; but none in working upon a Mitio. The exhibition of both characters, however, may be attended with agreeable consequences ; the former by alluring young persons to the paths of Virtue, and the other by deterring them from following the footsteps of Vice.

The father who is blessed with a son amiable as Florio, will naturally thank Heaven, while he is reading the character of Mitio, for his happiness as a parent ; whilst he who has a son like Mitio, though he cannot be charmed with his lot, ought not to murmur, but cheerfully and patiently resign himself to such a severe calamity. He who impatiently wishes in vain for an heir to inherit his possessions, should reflect seriously on the parental character, and consider whether his unhappiness would not be more increased by a son of Mitio's turn, than his happiness would be enlarged by one of Florio's disposition. By reflecting in this manner he will learn to correct his impatience, and submit with humility to the dispensations of Providence. The vanity of human wishes, in general, have been pointed out by several ingenious authors, with the greatest propriety ; and the particular vanity of wishing for children merely to succeed to our fortunes, cannot be too severely exposed.



THE
GOOD-NATURED HUSBAND.

THERE cannot be a more good-natured husband than Uxander; he is so extravagantly fond of his Liberia, so charmed with the beauties of her person, and so enraptured with her engaging behaviour, that he is never happy but when he is either carrying her into public places to be admired, or filling his house with friends to admire her. Whenever he has company at home, or meets his friends abroad, he goes about from one to the other, and says, "Did you ever see so fine a creature? Is not she a picture? Am I not a fortunate fellow to have such a delicate piece of flesh and blood in my possession?" his friends all flatter his vanity, though they laugh heartily at his folly. They extol her to the skies, and wonder how he inflamed himself into her affections. Uxander smiles with an air of self-satisfaction, and answers, "The dear creature, to be sure, saw something in me which struck her; I don't know how to account for my felicity."

Liberia is, indeed, a very fine woman; majestically tall, and delicately formed: she has very regular features, bright eyes, and a blooming complexion. In short, she has charms sufficient

cient to draw admiration wherever she appears, and she is not in the least displeased with it. Like an obedient wife, in compliance with her husband's passion for seeing her admired, she gives him all the pleasure she can in his own way, by suffering his friends to take a thousand pretty innocent freedoms with her before his face. He, like a good-natured soul, sits by, and with the greatest complacency of countenance hugs himself to think what a jewel of a woman he possesses, receiving every compliment paid to her person as a compliment to his own taste. He is likewise so good-natured, that he does not insist upon going in parties of pleasure with her, when she hints a desire that his company should be excluded from them; he is satisfied that she will be admired, whether he is with her or not, and is therefore extremely easy upon those occasions.

Liberia, when Uxander first married her, having had a sober education, under the direction of very prudent parents, was as good as she was beautiful; but by losing her own amiable relations, and being connected with her husband's, she became less and less strict in the performance of the conjugal duties; and at this present time, in her fifth connubial year, though not quite so bold, brazen, and abandoned as Lady H——, cares as little for her husband, and abuses his bed with as few corrections from her conscience. With her Ladyship's liberal disposition,

tion, she possesses also her exquisite ingenuity, and makes poor Uxander believe, while she is increasing his family with a doubtful offspring, that she is a saint of the first order. He has, it is true, frequently surprized her in situations which did not appear to him very sanctified, but she has always had art enough to clear herself from unfavourable constructions.

Had Liberia fallen into the hands of a man of sense, she would have made, in all probability, an excellent exemplary wife, and would have been distinguished for her conjugal virtues; but not having a very elevated understanding, and being wedded to a man who had a very weak one, she was easily drawn into indiscretions; and when once a woman begins to be indiscreet, she is in a fair way to be infamous.

No man, the Roman Satyrift says, was ever execrably flagitious on a sudden; the highest flights of villany are reached by gradual deviations from rectitude. To this assertion we may add, no woman was ever eminently incontinent till after frequent violations of the laws of Chastity.

Liberia, by the extravagant fondness of her husband, being soon intoxicated with the fumes of adulation, soon grew indifferent to him; and though she was not over-burthened with wisdom herself, had sagacity enough to know, that she was linked to as foolish a fellow as ever existed; and that she might, with a little dexterity, make a most comfortable cuckold of him. Dazzled
with

with the lustre of her charms, he is totally blind to the errors of her conduct; and while she is admired by the World, gives himself no kind of concern about them.

Liberia was at first, rather cautious in her deportment, and circumspect in her carriage before those with whom she intrigued; but she soon grew so emboldened, by her husband's excessive easiness about the management of her amours, that she now makes her assignations before his face, and talks with as much familiarity to her gallants in his presence, as if he was absent. Liberia is now, indeed, grown so thoroughly assured of Uxander's extreme good-nature, and facility of disposition, that she keeps a charming fellow constantly in the house with her, and frequently contrives to enjoy the exquisite pleasures arising from stolen endearments without even being suspected of conjugal infidelity.



T H E

DISCONTENTED WIFE.

GREAT and numerous are the advantages of Self-inspection. If we are thoroughly acquainted with our own foibles and frailties, we shall learn the necessity of correcting them; and by endeavouring to correct them, acquire by degrees a rectitude and steadiness of mind which will.

will enable us to bear not only the little disappointments and vexations of life, but even the calamities and misfortunes which "flesh is heir to," without peevishness and despondency.

It is for want of communicating with ourselves, that we are too often addicted to despair when we meet with cross accidents. We are afraid to arm ourselves with resolution to turn our eyes inward, and to take an impartial survey of our hearts: our self-love is hurt by such a scrutiny: we are shocked at the appearance which we make to ourselves in the moments of examination. Our passions are strong and lively, our prejudices deeply rooted, and it is an arduous task to regulate the first and to remove the last. While the bark of life glides along with propitious gales, we flatter ourselves that all is right at the helm; but as soon as a storm arises by the sudden variation of the wind, we are unnerved with timidity; we see every thing through a false medium, and either mourn our misfortunes abandoned to despair, or grow clamorously dissatisfied with everybody about us, and find fault with others in a peevish fit, instead of blaming our own imprudencies, and making efforts to rectify our own errors.

Querela is one of the most restless, discontented, unhappy women in the kingdom; a torment to herself, and to all who have any connexions with her. She spent her youthful days in finding out embellishments for her person (which had
many

many natural charms), but suffered her mind to remain entirely uncultivated.

Querela is perpetually railing at the corruption and degeneracy of the times, and rendering every body who comes within the reach of her tongue uneasy by complaining, disputing, contradicting, and prognosticating.——“There is no honesty in the world, no confidence to be reposed in any body.”——She has no comfort, no happiness, from morning to night: at night she is alarmed by every sound; a dream frights her out of her senses: “Somebody will certainly die, or be at the point of death. She can get no rest; she is quite miserable; she shall never sleep any more.”

In the day-time, she is offended with every thing she sees or hears. A sudden rap at the street-door louder than usual, throws her into hysterics; and an unexpected visit from a person who thinks differently from her, unhinges her for eight-and-forty hours. The weather is too hot or too cold; too wet or too dry: all the vexations of life are insupportable burthens to Querela. Every body is happier than herself; a coachman, a cobbler, a chimney-sweeper, or any of the lowest among the human species, who appear with chearful faces.

She always forebodes a terrible misfortune to herself or her family: If she sees a dark cloud while they are abroad, “They must be drowned, to be sure, in coming home.” If they stay a few minutes longer than she expects, “They
“ will

“ will certainly be robbed and murdered.” If she is sick, “ She shall never be well again.” The seasons are quite changed : “ There never was such unsettled weather in her memory : “ every thing is so dear, and will be dearer, that “ there will be no living.”

Public affairs afford her as much disquietude : “ Nothing is managed right, either in peace or “ war.” If she reads a news-paper she picks out the most disagreeable paragraphs, on which she dwells, and magnifies, without paying the least regard to probability.—— Whatever is in our favour cannot be true.

If you relate a story full of diverting circumstances, she will, most probably, condemn it with vehemence, and give a perverse turn to it. If you endeavour to alleviate her uneasinesses by offering to her the cup of consolation, she dashes it from your friendly hands. She will not taste the salutary liquor which it contains ; she will not be comforted.

Querela thwarts and opposes every one who presumes to contend with her about the most frivolous and trivial occurrences. If you tell her that it is a fine day and very mild, she says that it is a rough and a dismal one. If you say the wind is south, she declares, without any hesitation, that it is north. She is, indeed, so well furnished with objections, that as soon as you have answered one sett, another is ready to start from her prolific brain.

If

If you offer expedients to obviate her complaints, she is deaf to them all. If you ask her why she complains, she grows outrageous ; her passions are roused ; she attacks you with fierceness and impetuosity, and the FURY prevails over the WOMAN. Contradiction makes her mad. “ She wonders what you mean by your behaviour ; she will not be treated in such a manner.”

With all these imperfections (and from imperfections who is free ?) Querela has, however, many valuable qualities ; she is naturally of a benevolent and generous disposition, and inclined to be as serviceable to those who stand in need of her assistance, as her abilities will permit her. She loves her husband, and is fond of her children, and injures her own health by grieving when they are sick, fearing that she should lose them. She has laudable intentions, and never imagines that either her conversation or her behaviour give offence, though she is continually offending by her actions and her words. She is sincere, and boasts of her sincerity ; but it is a sincerity that disgusts ; it is a bluntness which shocks. She often utters truths, but they are home-ones, and delivered with so much tartness, that they make a very unpleasant impression on the minds of those who hear them. This is the portrait of Querela, drawn from the Life, without flattery on the one hand, or injustice on the other ; the portrait of a woman whose mind is over-

over-run with weeds, because it was not properly cultivated in the season of cultivation.

Those who store their minds with the precepts of wisdom in the spring, bid fairest to spend the winter of life with satisfaction. By an early improvement of the intellectual faculties a man learns to meet the calamities to which Mortality is, every hour, subject, without surprize, and to bear them without impatience. Such a man, when his relish for juvenile gaieties has been blunted by satiety, is furnished with an entertainment with which he can never be cloyed, and of which he can never be deprived: he sinks into the vale of years with corrected passions, and regulated appetites; and feels an internal composure, a sweet tranquility which the world cannot give. Such a man is an useful and an agreeable companion to himself, and is beloved by all who are acquainted with him. He walks to the grave without trembling; and when Death commands him to plunge into it, obeys without a murmuring reluctance, because he is fully convinced, that they who have made the best use of the talents allotted to them here by an All-wise Being, will be amply rewarded by the same Being hereafter.

If Querela could bring herself to think in this manner, she would be much happier herself, and make her family so; but for want of reflecting properly on her own conduct as a woman, a wife, and mother, she rather increases than diminishes

116 THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

minishes the domestic infelicity of her husband and her children: they love her, they pity her: blest with happy tempers themselves, they wish to see her in a disposition to be pleased, which is the foundation of Domestic Happiness; and without which indeed such happiness cannot be rationally expected.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY;

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

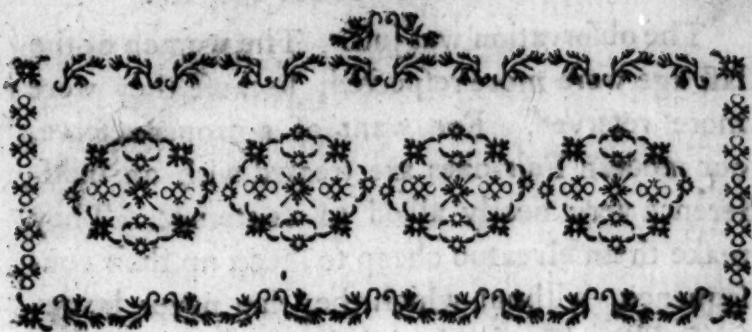
RIGHTS OF FANCY

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE



A FEW
FRIENDLY HINTS
TO THE
GIRLS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

AMONG the Pretty Girls of the present age, it is a general complaint, that they have many Admirers, but few Lovers. I am sorry to observe, there is too much justice in this complaint: it is a truth not to be denied: they feel the mortification, and wonder at it: they would not if they *thought*; but they are, in general, superior to *thinking*. "Ah!" said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "counting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The Flirts now-a-days make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover." The

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, our modern Fair-ones are treated with an indifference very nearly allied to contempt. They make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable. To speak philosophically, a woman must *repel* before she can *attract*.

This advice may sound oddly, perhaps, to a female ear; but she who laughs at it pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover; for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite the reverse of the ancient: instead of flying from, they run into — the arms of their Apollos, and are, afterwards, surprized that they grow cool to their charms.

Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase.

If women would study less to please, they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox which those for whom I throw out these reflections cannot comprehend, and till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces. The roses of youth are not long in bloom,

bloom, and when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first sight; on which, by their manner of setting off, they seem chiefly to depend.

To be stared at for a few seasons, then neglected, and in a few more to sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls who have nothing but *front*, and a little shabby-genteel finery to recommend them. Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no sort of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the *shell*, but a man worth having will make the *gem* the object of his attention.



A
P I C T U R E
F O R
S I N G L E G E N T L E M E N .

BY birth, fortune, and education, Eugenio is a gentleman. According to the ideas of Sir Courtly Nice, when you have said that you have said every thing; but Eugenio is of a different opinion: he is so unfashionable as to think, that to the accomplishments of the Courtier the virtues of the Christian are no contemptible appendices.

Graceful in his person, genteel in his carriage, polished in his conversation, and polite in his address, Eugenio prepossesses every body who sees and hears him, in his favour; but Eugenio holds gracefulness, gentility, elegance, politeness, all personal advantages, and all acquired accomplishments, extremely cheap, if they are not attended with more durable attractions. He lays more stress on a strict observation of the social and religious duties, than on a minute attention to external behaviour. To do a laudable action gives him more real satisfaction than to say a lively thing: and he had much rather be complimented on the goodness of his heart, than on the brightness of his understanding.

Eugenio is benevolent, but his benevolence does not consist merely in wishes for the welfare of his fellow-creatures; among whom those who stand most in need of his compassion, are sure to enjoy the blessings of his beneficence.

Eugenio, in the exertion of his liberality,

To Grandeur adds the winning charms of Grace; and when he hears of deserving objects reduced from a state of affluence, not by folly but misfortune, to the most mortifying necessities, he with a refined address, peculiar to himself,

Relieves their wants, and spares their blushes too.

Eugenio has an heart very apt to be melted with the tear of Distress, and is as ready to wipe that tear away. With all the intellectual strength
of

of his own, he has all the sensibility of the softer sex, and is thereby an honour to human nature.

Those who think that sensibility is a weakness, are not to be envied;

We should be brutes without it.

And he who desires to be intimately connected with a man whose heart is dead to the tenderest sensations, cannot have the Feelings of Humanity very strong in his own breast.

Among the modern fine gentlemen of the age, Eugenios are so rare, that the painter of such characters run the risk of being condemned for over-charging his piece, though he has drawn every line with the pencil of Truth.

Eugenio is married happily, and makes an excellent husband to his amiable Cleora. For good-sense and good-nature, conjugal love and maternal affection, prudence, politeness, and piety, Cleora is equalled by few, and exceeded by none. In every department of domestic life she appears to the greatest advantage. In her connections with the world, she attracts the esteem of every body who is thoroughly acquainted with her intrinsic worth, and even extorts it from those who, when they see characters superior to themselves, turn aside with envy, but at the same time

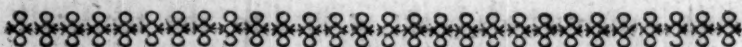
With jealous leer malign

Eye them askance ———

To heighten the felicity of this happy pair, they have a son who promises not to disgrace his exemplary parents.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,

with quick parts and an engaging person, Clerimont, in the bloom of youth, is disposed to every thing that is good; to nothing which is evil. What would his fond parents have more? — They are satisfied.



HARRY HANDY:

A CHARACTER.

IF you want a necessary man to do odd matters, Harry Handy will never disappoint you. He is the civillest creature breathing, and seems to have no idea of happiness but what results from the desire of communicating felicity to others. What an uncommon character! From St. James's to St. Giles's Harry will foot it in all weathers, if you are only sensible enough of his assiduities to give you pleasure, to reward him with a smile. Harry is not mercenary; he only desires to make you happy; and the dimples of satisfaction in his countenance, when he thinks he has succeeded, are not to be described. They really make him look handsome; and that is saying a great deal; for he is, perhaps, one of the plainest men you ever saw. But beauty is not material in a man: Harry has charms superior to the turn of a set of features, or the tincture of a skin; charms which no woman of sense would exchange

exchange for the conversation or complexion of the smoothest Adonis that ever lisped at the corner of a lappet in a side-box, or in the drawing-room. Harry is found to acquit himself with equal propriety to both sexes; and while he is the delight of every man, he is also the darling of every woman.

Such is the force, and so powerful are the attractions of vivacity and good-humour! However, Harry is not a mere rattle-headed good-humoured fellow. The goodness of his heart is at least equal to the accomplishments of his mind, and I defy you to leave his company without being very ready to excuse the peculiar oddity in his temper of making every body he meets with happy, as it gives occasion to the display of so many facetious talents, and social virtues.

XX

ON AFFECTATION.

I Often ramble from one end of this extensive metropolis to the other, from St. James's, the region of gaiety, to the Royal Exchange, the seat of affluence, merely in quest of amusement, and my labours are often amply rewarded. I cast an attentive eye, on these occasions, upon the various characters which I meet or overtake, and notwithstanding the many elegant encomiums which the men of taste of all ages, have passed on a rural life, I have found more enter-

tainment, more diversion, and infinitely more genuine humour, in passing through the streets of London in one day, than is to be met with in the country during a whole series of years.

In ridiculing the foibles of his countrymen, no man ever excelled the amiable Addison. The least absurdity in dress, carriage, or behaviour, could not escape his curious eye, but was instantly rallied with most refined address, and placed in a contemptible as well as striking light. His sallies of merriment of this kind, however, were always tempered with the highest good-nature. He seemed ever to remember, that

Tho' Mirth, to root out Folly, may be tried,
Good-nature always should o'er Mirth preside;
Allur'd by this, the gath'ring frown unbends,
The laugh grows gen'ral, and e'en wits are friends.

Whitehead's Essay on Ridicule.

The present rising generation want very much to be corrected for certain absurdities in their behaviour. They do not seem to be sensible that personal ornaments will give them no title to respect, if their minds are suffered to lie uncultivated; and that they study in vain to decorate their outward form with laboured exactness, if the *inward man* is not adorned with something valuable. Deportment is of more consequence to obtain their end, admiration, than even dress itself; and this must be native and original: it must arise from the improvement and acquired elegancies of the mind; it is nothing if not original; it can answer no end when copied, though with ever so much minuteness.

The

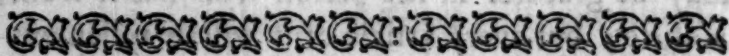
The same motion that is graceful in one person, will, if borrowed with the utmost precision, appear awkward and stiff in another. It is a trite observation, but not therefore the less just, That two faces are never found to resemble each other exactly. We may often perceive a similitude of features and complexion, but not enough to make us pronounce the faces perfectly alike. A general resemblance of this kind may be traced also in the gait and motions of different persons: but there is always something which characterizes each in nature. We never see two whose manner of walking carries the appearance of being every way the same, unless when one is copied; and then it never fails to be sufficiently awkward, unnatural, and contemptible. We shall always discover even in this case, in the originals, a perceptible variation, either in the slowness or quickness of pace, the different position of the feet, or the management of the arms and body: every part of this may be graceful in the person who has it from Nature; but every article of it will be ridiculous in the copy.

I am often greatly diverted in these my walks of observation, with regard to the multitude which pass and repass me, whose manners and deportment in their walk I can generally trace to their original. Sometimes I fix my eye upon a young fellow, who with a spirited motion of his leg, and a theatrical waisting of his hand, endeavours to hit the carriage of Garrick upon

the stage, and convinces me he has established That as the model of perfection: another by wriggling his body into fifty attitudes in as many seconds, by affecting a dangling ease in his gait, and nodding his unmeaning head in various degrees and directions, imagines that he mimics extremely well the *degagée* negligence of Woodward. An affectation of this kind is sufficiently ridiculous and entertaining; and yet we cannot but pity, even while we laugh at the objects. While they give up the *something* graceful which Nature has bestowed upon almost every human being, what can be so just a mark for ridicule as the ill-founded affectation to which they owe its loss?

O fruitful source of everlasting mirth,
For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth;
By fashion govern'd, Nature each neglects,
And barter's graces for admir'd defects.

Whitehead's Essay on Ridicule.



ON WISHING.

AMONG the many excellent passages in Tully's Treatise on Old Age, the following one always made a great impression on me: "*Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum, sic vivendi modum: senectus autem peractio*" *etatis*

“ætatis est tanquam fabulæ, cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjuncta satietate.”

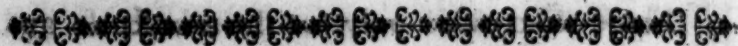
“Nature has assigned limits to life as well as to all other things, and the end of it like the concluding act of a play, is old age; the fatigue of which we should studiously endeavour to avoid, particularly when our appetites are thoroughly fatiated.”

Among the numberless absurd wishes which are daily vented in conversation, there cannot, I think, be one more unbecoming an elderly man, who has received the polish of a liberal education, than the wish for the return of youth; a wish which is generally uttered with a peculiar emphasis, when an object is beheld which makes us recollect a past action that we may be supposed incapable of repeating without meriting censure, or an action which we ought to have been ashamed of when we committed it.

Those who wish only for the robustness and vigour of youth discover a mind very light, dissolute, and foolish. It is as ridiculous in a man who is past the hey-day of his blood to wish for the vigour of him who is in the prime of life, as it would be in a sturdy young fellow to wish for the strength of a tyger or a rhinoceros.

There is not, in my opinion, a more despicable, contemptible animal in the world, than an old man who regrets the loss of libidinous gratifications, because he shews a preposterous inclination to re-enjoy pleasures which cannot be recalled.

“When tides of youthful blood run high,” Life itself may, without any impropriety, be styled a fever; and the enjoyments of it are only the airy visions of a man rendered delirious by that inflammatory disorder; and it is as irrational to mourn for the return of the sultry season of life, as for a man just awaked from a dream to be grieved at the loss of the enchanted castles, magnificent edifices, blooming fields, and Arcadian groves, which Fancy presented to his view while he remained in it. Those who listen to the still, small, voice of Reason, and and suffer not the Passions to deprive them of their senses, will, I believe, readily confess that our capacities for all laudable enjoyments are not diminished by years, and that the sober autumnal part of life is the most desirable, while it is healthy.



O N

FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

FLAVELLA has a multitude of charms: She is sensible, affable, modest, and good-humoured. She is tall, without being awkward, and as straight as an arrow. She has a clear complexion, lively eyes, a pretty mouth, and white even teeth; and will answer the description which any rhyming lover can give of the

the mistress of his affections, after having ransacked heaven and earth for similes, and jumbled together sun, moon, stars, lilies, roses, carnations, &c. and yet I cannot admire her. She wants, in my opinion, that *nameless something* which is far more attractive than beauty, and so extremely alluring, that few men are able to resist the Fair-one who is possessed of it. It is, in short, a peculiar manner of saying the most insignificant things, and doing the most trifling actions, which captivates us instantly, and takes our hearts by surprize. Few even celebrated toasts have this *cessus* in their possession. I never met but one who had it, and am apt to believe that she would not have been so thoroughly amiable, had she not been attacked by the small-pox at an age when admirers were beginning to buzz about her; for while the beauties of her face were obscured by that spirit-damping disorder, she ruminated seriously on the insufficiency of personal accomplishments, ceased to be proud, affected and coquettish, and became one of the most agreeable girls in the world. Nor did her pride, affectation, and coquetry return with her beauty. Soon after her recovery she was, luckily, addressed by a man of sense and vivacity, with whom she was highly pleased, and agreed to be his wife, before she knew that she should once more be admired by every eye which beheld her. When she was married, the sincere esteem which she had for her amiable husband, and an increasing family, prevented her from re-assuming,

assuming her former airs. In this manner was one fine woman saved from destruction; and if all the handsome lovely creatures would take warning, and adore themselves less, they would be more idolized by our sex.

Though I am a strenuous advocate, however, for a modest, decent, and an unaffected deportment in the Fair Sex, I would not have a fine woman altogether insensible of her personal charms, for she would then be as insipid as Flavella. I would only have her conscious enough of them to behave with freedom, and to converse with fluency and spirit. When a woman stalks majestically into a room, with the haughty airs of a first-rate beauty, and expects every man who sees her to die for her, my indignation rises, and I get away as fast as I can, in order to enjoy the conversation of a good-humoured, easy creature, who is neither beautiful nor conceited enough to be troublesome, and who is as willing to give pleasure as desirous to receive it.

I once heard a very agreeable married woman (who was always mistress of the above-mentioned charm, though she never had the least pretensions to beauty, by the help of which she made the men prefer her to all her handsome acquaintance) thus archly address a circle of pretty girls who panted for admiration, and longed to increase the number of their dangles: "It is of no consequence whether a woman has beauty, if she can behave in such a manner as to gain admirers."

“ rers. For my part, I had rather be homely
 “ and followed, than handsome and disregarded.”
 The girls, who were conscious that they laid too
 great a stress on their out-sides, and that they
 wanted the irresistible power of pleasing, bit
 their lips, and flirted their fans, but were inca-
 pable of making a reply.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

ADVICE to an ENGLISH PAINTER.

YOUR genius, and humour, and talents,
 and taste,

Each picture you paint plainly shows ;
 But your time you mislead, and your colours
 you waste,
 For an Englishman “ Nobody knows.”

Go abroad—Take your pallet and pencils to
 Rome—

And when you return from your tour,
 If a few foreign graces and airs you assume,
 You will charm a *compleat connoisseur*.

To your landscapes his glass he with rapture will
 hold,

And not one imperfection descry,
 “ What *keeping—repose—nothing harsh—no-*
thing cold—

“ Good G—d! what a *beautiful sky!*

“ How

"How finely dispos'd is the *light* and the *shade*,

"How judiciously plac'd is that *Cow*!

"True *gusto* is ev'ry where sweetly display'd

"In a masterly manner, I vow.

"From the canvas each *figure* stands out with
an air,

"All your *attitudes* graceful appear,

"And as for your *water*, my dear sir, I swear,

"No painter makes *water* so clear."

Go abroad then—In Italy study virtù—

No reward *here* your labours will crown:

Ev'ry dauber from Rome is brought forward to
view,

But an Englishman's always kept down.



THE HAPPY MAN.

CONTENT with a little, I wish for
no more,

I mean with an anxious desire;

But if Fortune should offer to add to my store,

I would not pass scornfully by her.

With cheerfulness what I possess I receive,

And my heart glows with thanks to kind
Heav'n;

Nor do I, with envy corroded, e'er grieve,

Because more to my neighbours is giv'n.

Con-

Contented I rise, and contented to rest,
When my eyes want repose, I retreat;
Ev'ry morning I wake, with tranquility blest,
And each evening my slumbers are sweet.

For high-season'd ragoûts, and rich sauces, I
ne'er

Like a worn-out old Epicure pine,
Plain dishes alone, plainly drest, I can bear
For my food, and plain Port is my wine.

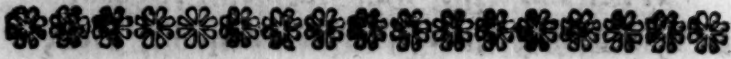
The court of gay Comus I carefully shun,
No *gusto* have I for their glee,
For the scenes which afford a Choice Spirit *bigb*
fun,
Are, I own, far too lively for me.

The Bucks, and the Bloods, who turn day
into night,
Enjoy nothing but discord and strife;
In a Round-house adventure they dearly delight,
“For that is *d—d droll*, Jack; *that's life*.”

Of Time's tardy progress I never complain,
Nor wish he would fly with more speed;
With my thoughts I can ever myself entertain,
And no Cards for amusement e'er need.

By turns to my book and my pen I devote
The moments no business employs;
And from what I have read, and from what
I have wrote,
Receive peaceful and permanent joys.

T H E



THE MARRIED MAN.

I Am married — and happy ;—with wonder
hear this,

Ye rovers, and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And whom only loose pleasures engage.

You may laugh, but believe me, are all in the
wrong,

When you, merrily, marriage deride ;
For to marriage alone lasting pleasures belong,
And in them we can solely confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise
Are fugitive—never sincere ;
Oft stolen with haste, and oft snatch'd with sur-
prize,
Interrupted by doubt and by fear.

But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Are from ev'ry embitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And, while life can taste joy, will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that
name,

True love is with sentiment join'd ;

But

But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

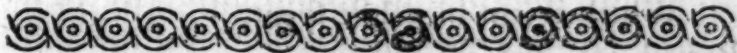
When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses
hire,

With this, and with that, quickly cloy'd,
Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If ye ask from what source my felicity flows?

My answer is short—From a Wife,
Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature,
I chose,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.

To make Home still the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry moment each studies to seize,
And we find ourselves happy from morning to
night,
By the mutual endeavour to please.



M O R A L S T A N Z A S in
R E T I R E M E N T.

FAR from the busy world sequester'd,
O'er my passions here I reign,
By no intruding visits pester'd,
Visits formal, empty, vain.

Health,

Health, and peace of mind, possessing,
I ne'er mix in scenes of strife,
Next to health, the greatest blessing
Is to me a private life.

Here I never want employment,
For the speculative mind,
Ever in itself, enjoyment,
Can, by recollection, find.

Yet I wear no gloomy features,
Nor to solitude incline,
For I love my fellow creatures,
And their happiness is mine.

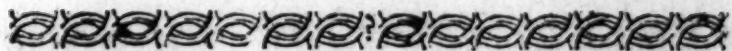
Oft with friends by taste united,
Time steals unperceiv'd away,
With their converse I, delighted,
Close the sentimental day.

Those who think the day is wasted,
Which is not in public spent,
Peevish oft, and oft distasteful,
End that day with discontent.

By the world's false light deluded,
We our intellects confuse,
But from its dazzling glare excluded,
Clear are all our mental views.

From the busy world retiring,
Nature's wonders I explore,
And in them, by close admiring,
Beauties trace unmark'd before.

Nature's charms in ev'ry season
Strike the philosophic eye,
And afford a feast to reason,
Constant—for they never die.



THE MODERATE MAN.

HAPPY the man who is content,
Tho' he can make but four per cent.
His fortune in the funds to fix,
And trust no private hands for six;
Contented prudently to spend
The little yearly dividend
Arising from his Bank-stock share,
Safely consolidated there.
He sees, unmov'd, around him, play
The restless jobbers of the day,
Who turn their money in and out,
Till they've no more to turn about,
If here and there a few succeed,
A thousand thoughtless fools they lead
To listen to an Alley-lie,
And blindly *sell*, or blindly *buy*.
Whene'er the chance of sudden riches
Man, like a charmed cup, bewitches;
His head is crowded close with care,
A *Bull* he knows not from a *Bear*;
Ideal treasures round him rise,
And dazzle his deluded eyes,

'Till

'Till waking from his golden dreams,
 As wild as old *Henriques's* schemes,
 He finds he's jilted in a trice
 By Fortune, in the shape of *RICE*.

Jan. 1763.



SONG: TO CHLOE.

NO, no, my dear Chloe, in vain
 With your charms to allure me you aim,
 Your eyes too sincerely explain
 What passions your bosom inflame.

Your thoughts you may try to conceal
 With all the assistance of art,
 But your looks make me forcibly feel,
 That your tongue is a mile from your heart.

Your charms may those lovers allure
 Who on beauties *without* only dwell,
 But me of my passion they cure,
 Who the gem regard more than the shell.

Had you Juno's majestic air,
 Had you Pallas's wisdom and wit,
 Was your face like the Queen of Love's fair,
 When the princely young Trojan was smit;

With such capital beauties combin'd,
 You could ne'er make a conquest of me,
 For

For in them I no pleasure can find,
When the lips and the heart disagree.



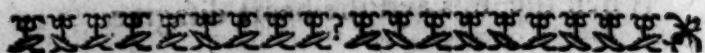
EX TEMPORE VERSES,

Occasioned by reading the following passage in
HORACE.

—*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi, &c. &c.*

And epigrammatically addressed to a tame Actor.

IF you would make me laugh or weep;
You must not, as if half asleep,
To the ears drowsily convey
Your speeches in a languid way,
But pleasure here, and there distress,
By features forcibly express.
Mere words will never do alone,
Tho' uttered with the sweetest tone;
You must speak strongly from the eyes,
In them great elocution lies,
Or else you'll ever vainly try
To make us laugh or make us cry.



THE MAN OF RHYMES AND THE POET

DISTINGUISHED and DESCRIBED.

THE man of rhymes who tamely sings
 Of flow'ry meads and bubbling springs,
 Is only fit for trivial themes,
 And ne'er enjoys Homeric dreams :
 His easy verses, wrote with ease,
 None but insipid readers please ;
 His *likely* pictures, all *alike*,
 Raise no disgust, but never *strike* ;
 He learns by Art to make each line
 Correct, but in a bold design
 Genius will never let him shine.



The Man of Rhimes, to shew his taste,
 With Juno proud, and Dian' chaste,
 And laughing Venus, Queen of Love,
 And all the Deities above,
 His verses decorates, and tries
 To raise poetical supplies,
 The Muses Nine, the Graces Three,
 Together knit in amity,
 By turns are sprinkled here and there,
 To give his piece a classic air :
 But while from books their names he steals,
 His bosom no emotion feels ;

He

He writes with no more force or fire
Than if he was a frigid friar.

TOM JINGLE is a Man of Rhymes,
And lays great stress upon his chimes,
Which while they're musical and clear,
Sooth, but not satisfy the ear.
He mixes Dryads, Satyrs, Fawns,
With pipes, and crook, and woods, and lawns,
He huddles hills and dales together,
And rings his changes on the weather,
With such a solemn, simple sameness,
And such a tinkling tiresome tameness,
That while his lines with languor creep,
You hardly can refrain from sleep.

“ When Phoebus rises in the East,
“ He cheers at once both man and beast ;
“ And when he sinketh in the West,
“ Both man and beast retire to rest.”

Whene'er he talks of Pindus' shades,
You surely meet th' Aonian maids,
Who with the Destinies and Fates,
Are powerful helps to shallow pates ;
They give a little feeble lustre,
When they're assembled in a cluster,
By them a verse, tho' void of vigour,
Oft makes a tolerable figure.

In past'ral, or in warlike strains,
An uniform composure reigns ;

His

His *reed* no tender passions wakes,
 His *trumpet* ne'er our bosoms shakes :
 Tho' all the Heathen Gods combine
 To swell with sound an empty line ;
 The darts of Cupid do no harm,
 And Mars, tho' grim, gives no alarm ;
 Bellona's yells no transports move,
 And Venus faintly calls to love.

Blest with a warm imagination,
 And all the powers of creation,
 The Poet, like an eagle, soars
 To high Parnassus, and explores
 At once, with comprehensive *ken*,
 Beauties conceal'd from common men :
 A thousand images arise,
 Unnotic'd by *plebeian* eyes,
 Which Poets only can express,
 And cloath in a becoming drefs.

The nervous Poet, never tame,
 Oft breaks into a glorious flame,
 Which strikes like the celestial light,
 Darting athwart the dazzled sight,
 When clouds prognosticate a storm,
 And with their gloom the sky deform :
 Thus Shakespear's *fire poetic* beams
 In quick and momentary gleams,
 And thus he oft with sudden blaze
 The brightness of his parts displays.

The Poet, without Learning's books,
 Thro' Nature, like a Newton, looks,

And

And all below, and all on high,
Surveys with a commanding eye ;
And all the wonders which he views,
He paints (belov'd by ev'ry Muse),
In *numbers* sweet, and *figures* strong,
With all the witchery of a song.

MUSÆUS, with the favour'd few,
Was sprinkled with Castalian dew
By Phœbus, and the virgin choir,
Who foot it to his sweet-ton'd lyre ;
From them he learnt the happy art
To shake, to thrill the human heart ;
To rouse each passion of the mind,
And in strong chains th'affections bind ;
To make them all obedient prove,
As touch'd by grief, or rage, or love.
Whenever with the God he glow'd,
His numerous verse with vigour flow'd ;
In a *fine frenzy* roll'd his eye,
By turns surveying earth and sky,
Whene'er he built the *lofty song*,
He soar'd above the vulgar throng :
Now rushing with impetuous force,
Like torrents in their rapid course ;
Now gliding, like a gentle stream ;
As Fancy form'd the various theme.
Whether he sung of *Beauty's* charms,
Or mad Bellona's fierce alarms,
Expression waited the command
Of his bold, manly, master-hand ;

And every object which he drew,
 With spirit started forth to view.
 When, to correct a vicious age,
 He widely spread the moral page,
Socratic truths he sweetly sung,
 With all the nervous strength of **YOUNG**,
 And ev'ry trifle of our race
 Touch'd with an *Addisonian* grace;
 Good-nature tipp'd each dart he threw,
 And not one poison'd arrow flew.



WOMAN: An EPIGRAM.

TH E sweetest joys we taste below,
 To Woman's pow'rful charms we owe;
She fills the breast with gay desires,
 And kindles in it tender fires:
 Woman a blessing, by wise Heav'n,
 Who knew his wants, to Man was giv'n,
 To soothe his sorrows rising here,
 And make existence doubly dear.

The sharpest griefs we feel below
 To Woman's baleful charms we owe;
She fills the breast with fierce desires,
She fills it with infernal fires:
 Woman a curse, by angry Heav'n,
 For punishment, to Man was giv'n:
 By her we suffer sorrow here,
 And pay for our existence dear.

Woman an Angel or a Fiend appears
 As she to Virtue or to Vice adheres;
 And as thro' life corrupt or chaste she moves,
 To Man a-Blessing or a Bane she proves.



ADVICE to a YOUNG ACTOR.

DEAR CHARLES, as I find
 You're to acting inclin'd,
 And bewitch'd with the charms of the Stage;
 Take th' advice of a friend,
 And with patience attend,
 E're you *play* in this cat-calling age.

Avoid all stage-traps,
 To get gallery claps,
 And despise the mere noise of the hand;
 For Plebeians aloft
 Are inclin'd very oft
 To applaud what they don't understand.

Let your characters strike,
 Don't perform all alike,
 But your *manner* to vary endeavour;
 For those actors who stalk
 In the same formal *walk*,
 To th' applause of true judges rise never.

Exert your whole skill
 Your audience to fill

With attention to all that you say;
Nor too much presume
On a Truncheon or Plume,
For to those only fools homage pay.

By each look, and each tone,
Let *expression* be shown,
Or your eyes or your tongue move in vain;
In sorrow and joy
Ev'ry muscle employ,
To be really the Man whom you feign.

Neither grumble nor squeak,
But with emphasis speak,
And your voice to all changes adapt;
And beware of a sameness,
It will cause a dull tameness,
And for that you will never be clapt.

Never look in amaze,
Nor around the house gaze,
When the speech you have studied is spoken;
For we always suspect
That the eye of neglect
Is of Genius no promising token.

If the buskin you wear,
Above all things take care
Not to strut with a air of stiff legs,
Nor to wriggle about,
With your feet in and out,
Just as if you had—somewhere—some pegs.

If

If you *put on the king*,
Your arms do not swing
With a clumsy and porter-like grace;
Copy GARRICK, and try,
With a turn of your eye,
To throw *meaning* all over your face.

In a choleric part,
Take care how you start,
Nor like puppets your passions express;
To Nature adhere
In the scenes you appear
In soft courtship, in rage, or distress.

In a scene of despair
Do not horridly stare,
Nor in chains look as meek as a lamb;
If you passions transpose,
And make these clash with those,
The fierce Critics, with justness, will damn.

With a plume and great wig,
You, in vain, will look big,
If there's nothing alive in your features;
For the actors who owe
All their merit to show,
Are, indeed, most contemptible creatures.

In a scene full of love,
When you bill like a dove,

Burlesque not the passion with pining;

Express what you feel,

And your raptures reveal

In a masculine way, without whining.

When you envy express,

Do not lay a great stress

On a face by convulsions made frightful,

One look will suffice,

From the spirited eyes,

To paint passions alluring or spiteful.

In no parts which require

Strength, feeling, and fire,

Till you've studied them deeply, appear;

Turn not genius, by force,

From its natural course,

Nor attempt to act out of your sphere.

For hard is the task,

To keep on the mask,

Thro' scenes drawn with *pathos* and spirit;

And if you once trip,

The Critics will strip

From your brows ev'ry blossom of Merit.

The dagger and bowl,

And the bell with its toll,

Are theatrical helps to distress;

But the actor's chief art

Is to seize the whole heart,

And *there* pity and terror impress.

If you put on the *sock*,
 Beware of that rock
 On which most comic actors have split;
 I mean the strong bent
 To be never content
 Without strokes of their own stupid wit.

By this folly to add,
 And to make what's good, bad,
 And their Author (as *They* think) embellish,
 They weaken his flame,
 Make his humour quite tame,
 And please none who *true comedy* relish.

If these few rules are miss'd,
 You will surely be hiss'd,
 Take kindly then what I have hinted;
 Or else for the *Play*,
 In the bills of the day,
 You'll ne'er be in **CAPITALS** printed.



THE CONNOISSEUR TAKEN-IN.

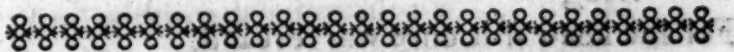
ONCE on a time, a Connoisseur
 (A *knowing-one* you may be sure)
 A picture at an auction spied,
 Which he with deep attention ey'd.
 (A Wag had put it in his way,
 To make him his *vertu* display)

And as it was as dark as pitch,
 He thought it *venerably rich*.
 To me it look'd most devilish grim,
 But 'twas angelical to him.
 With rapture he each part explor'd,
 And its black beauties quite ador'd.
 " By G—d, a *Rembrandt*!—Z—ds, how
 " *mellow* !
 " Ay, ay,—He never had his fellow.
 " What *keeping* there!—What *taste* is here !
 " The *lights* how *bright*! the *shades* how
 " *clear* !
 " How nice the *touch* !—the *hue* how *fine* !
 " And then th'*effect*—immense ! divine ! "

When he had peep'd at ev'ry part,
 And run thro' all the terms of art,
 Which, parrot-like, he'd got by heart,
 He *bid* away, and in a trice
 Secur'd it at a monstrous price.

Charm'd with his bargain, home he hies,
 But, oh ! how vast was his surprize,
 To find, upon a cloſer view,
 That, spite of *keeping*, *taste*, and *hue*,
 His friend TOM BRUSH the picture
 drew.

THE



THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.
A FABLE FROM THE GREEK.
FOR GROWN LADIES.

WHEN Jupiter's high-mettled Dame
(As we read in Dan HOMER the
story.)

Had a mind his cold breast to inflame,
And to shine with additional glory ;

She order'd her peacocks and car,
And then flew to the Queen of the Doves,
Who liv'd from her palace not far,
In the midst of the Graces and Loves.

" Dear Venus (thus flow'd her smooth speech),

" Pray lend me your *cestus* to-day,

" To repair a small conjugal breach,

" And be quick ; for I soon must away.

" I must haste to unite a good pair,

" Who took care of me when I was young,

" And each other now hardly can bear,

" Having both been by jealousy stung."

Her secret design she conceal'd

(So should women act when they're married),

For she knew if it once was reveal'd,

It would soon round Olympus be carried.

The blythe goddess, not guessing her drift,

On her waste tied the *cestus* of Pleasure,

And the Cloud-ruler's sister, then swift

As his eagle, whirl'd off with her treasure.

In this girdle was curiously stitch'd

The attractions which toying inspire,

And moreover was finely enrich'd

With all arts to re-kindle desire.

In this girdle Good-humour and Ease,

Sweet Words and Fond Looks were express'd,

A Perpetual Endeavour to Please,

And a Face with Gay Smiles ever dress'd.

Possess'd of so rich a machine,

She was eager its virtues to try,

And then leaving the Love-darting queen,

Shot a thousand bright beams from each eye.

To the Thund'rer she then, as by chance,

Half her beauties with cunning display'd,

From her eyes shot a languishing glance,

And then glided away like a shade.

But

But she dazzled the eyes of grim Jove,
 Who embrac'd her with conjugal arms,
 And within a delicious alcove,
 Enjoy'd with new spirit her charms.

Ye wives, lend an air to this sample
 Of the Grecian bard's shrewdness and art,
 And by politic Juno's example,
 Learn to conquer an husband's cold heart.

When the passion of Love's in its wane,
 And ye cease to be objects of joy,
 Ye must try the cold heart to regain,
 By those Beauties which never will cloy.



ADVICE to a YOUNG LADY.

BEAUTY, 'tis true, hath powerful charms,
 Each youthful breast with love it warms,
 And ev'ry heart inflames ;
 It wins each Lover to the fair,
 They come with vows and suppliant prayer,
 And bend beneath its chains.

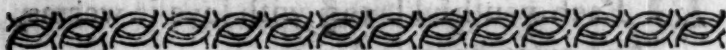
Yet know, that flower will soon decay,
 It only blossoms for a day,
 A vain and empty thing !
 Its bloom is quickly past its prime,
 It soon will wither and decline ;
 Nor knows returning spring.

156 ORIGINAL POEMS.

Learn hence, my Fair-one, not to prize
Too much those radiant sparkling eyes,
Nor yet that voice divine ;
Those vermeil lips, that neck so fair,
Those rosy cheeks, that lovely hair,
Must yield to ruthless time.

Thy gentle breast let virtue fire,
And all thy heavenly soul inspire
With love of gen'rous deeds ;
To reach the height of noble fame,
Attend bright Wisdom, lovely dame,
And follow where she leads.

So shalt thou still have pow'r to charm,
When Time thy beauties shall disarm,
And leave thee unadorn'd :
Ev'n in the winter of thy days,
Each tongue shall celebrate thy praise,
With admiration warm'd.



ON A VERY SENSIBLE BUT
ORDINARY LADY.

SAY, why should the Poet's soft lays
To *beauty* be solely confin'd ?
Or why not a tribute of praise
Be paid to the charms of the mind ?

Why

Why need we observe (what all know),
 That beauty will quickly decay ;
 Like flow'rs, which as soon as they blow,
 Droop, wither, and then fade away.

Tho' not blest with that ravishing form
 Which blooming LUCINDA can boast ;
 Shall we treat MIRA's friendship with scorn :
 Shall we hate her because she's no toast ?

No, surely ; for all must revere
 The charms of her temper and mind ;
 Her judgment so solid, so clear,
 Her taste so correct and refin'd.

Ye swains, then be prudent, be wise,
 Nor let *beauty* be always your choice ;
 A happiness pure if you prize,
 Let *merit* alone have your voice.



ELOGY ON A LADY.

I Count not the aid of the Nine,
 Nor Apollo's assistance invoke ;
 Ought the Poet, whose aim in each line
 Should be truth, e'er to flatter or joke ?

To HORTENSIA's perfections we owe
 Every tribute that Merit demands ;
 And the Muse would with pleasure bestow
 Ev'ry praise which her beauty commands ;
 But

But she sings not the roses that paint
 Or the dimples which play on her cheek;
 Since all must acknowledge how faint
 Such encomiums her virtues would speak.

Convinc'd that such strains would never please
 My Fair-one, whose delicate mind
 (Distinguish'd for softness and ease)
 Asks a tribute more pure and refin'd;

Know, Swains, 'tis her sense I revere,
 Which all must confess and admire;
 That charm will with lustre appear,
 When beauty and youth shall expire.



A SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

SAY, nymph divine, by mortals trac'd
 With painful fruitless care,
 In what yet untrod desert plac'd,
 Is rais'd thy palace fair?
 Rightly thou dost thyself conceal,
 Nor thy all-cheering face reveal.
 To whom thee seeking, Vice's paths have
 trod.
 But why, alas! makest thou vain
 Their search, who thee explore with pain,
 In Virtue's thorny road?

Deceiv'd;

Deceiv'd by choice, men following thee,

Led by that erring guide,

Think every way the right must be

But that they fondly try'd :

The hero fancies by renown,

The purpled monarch by his crown,

Thy presence to persuade ;

And when they find thou art not there,

But in thy stead stern rugged Care,

Conclude thee in the shade.

Sure in the silent, peaceful cot,

Thou dost, as Poets say,

Smile on the peasant's humble lot,

And gild each chearful day :

Ah ! no, he says, he knows not thee,

For meagre Want and Poverty

Fright thee from an abode thou else might'st
bless ;

But he among the rich has seen

A nymph, who by her air and mien,

He thinks is Happiness.

This syren, who assumes thy name,

Were rightly Pleasure call'd ;

And in thy dress, deceitful dame,

Has oft th' unwise enthrall'd ;

Awhile she smiles at their mistake,

Nor from their golden dream will wake

The

The wretches, whom securely hers she
knows,
Till weary of continuing kind,
From her capricious hate they find
Ten thousand different woes.

As various tempers thus incline,
Men variously pursue;
At ill success, tho' all repine,
None quit their fay'rite view;
But, most of all, the thoughtless train,
Who must thee ever seek in vain,
Their disappointment sure is just,
Who think thou, heav'nly maid, wouldst dwell
In fordid Avarice' wretched cell,
With heaps of gilded dust.

On what, alas ! can be resolv'd
To fix the restless mind ?
In a perpetual search involv'd
Of what it ne'er can find.
Art thou an *ignis fatuus* in our way,
To lead our wand'ring steps astray,
And plunge us into ills we need not know ?
Those strong desires for thee, which all attend,
Were they implanted for no end,
But to increase our woe ?

Vain man ! she dwells not here on earth :
Think'st thou thy mean abode
Worthy of her celestial birth ?
Yet follow Virtue's road ;

Before

Before thee see the gate of death,
Thro' which shall pass whate'er has breath ;
 Lo, where, beyond it, she for ever reigns :
She waits thee there with open arms,
Her smile the rugged passage charms,
 And pays thy utmost pains.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ORIGINAL POEMS

Restore thee to the path of death,
Thou which shall end where'er has been;
Lo, where, beyond it, the for ever reigns;
The waits there, ere with open arms,
Her hand the sacred pathos shares,
And pays its tribute to the same.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME